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# Interesting Manila



*Lennie C. Smith*

# Interesting Manila

Historical Narratives Concerning  
The Pearl of the Orient



MANILA  
E. C. McCULLOUGH & CO., Inc.  
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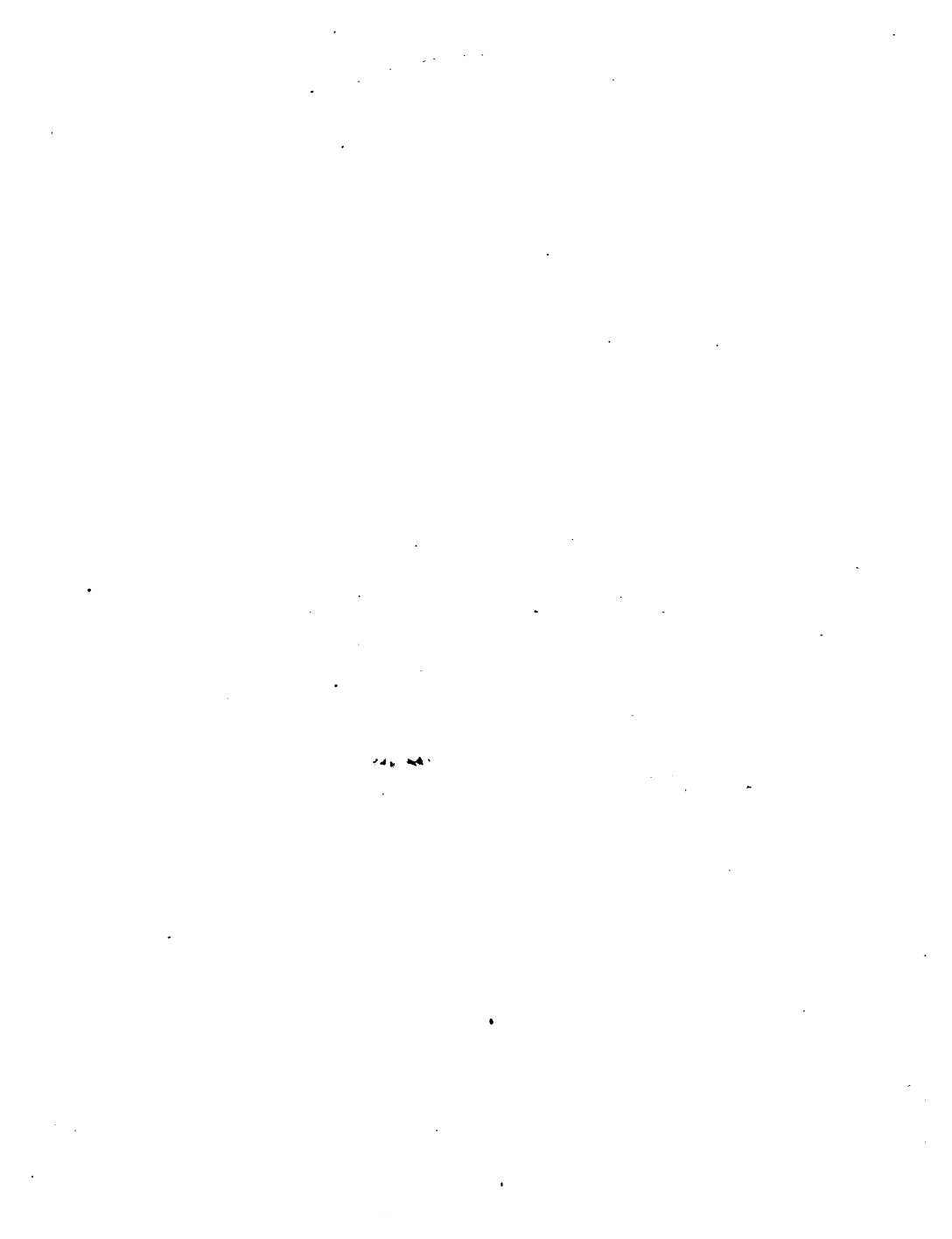
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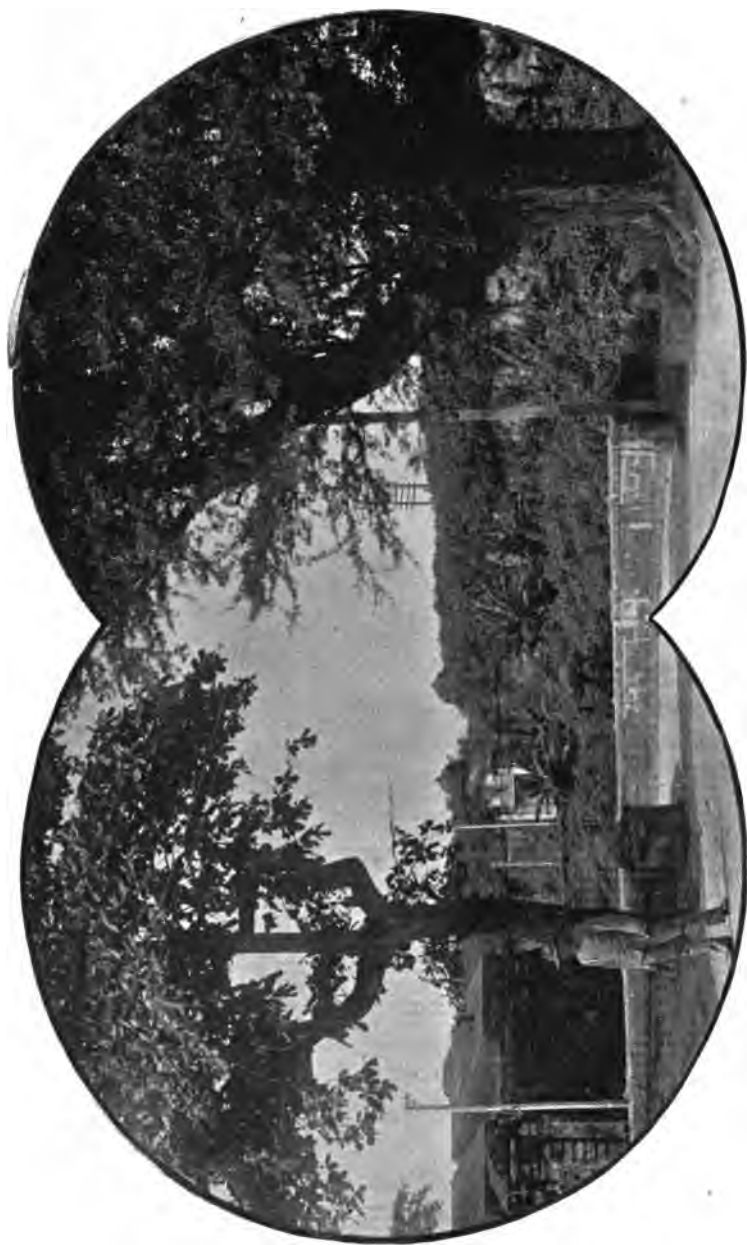
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MADE IN THE PHILIPPINES





**OLD REAL GATE (Puerto Real)**

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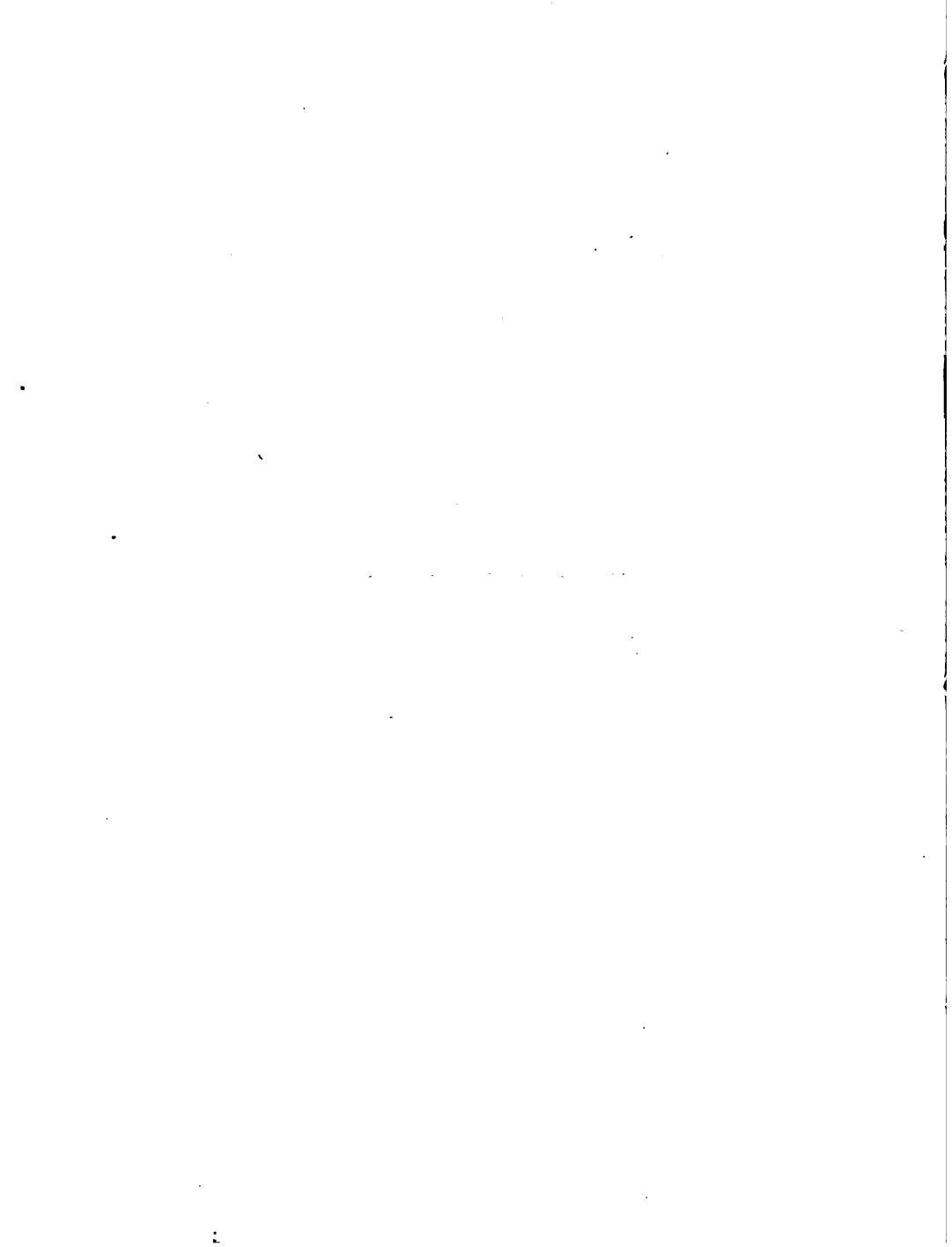


**TO MY MOTHER:**

*Who first taught me to find in all  
things human the beautiful and the  
good.*

*These sketches are inscribed*

**BY THE AUTHOR.**





# To The Reader

Five years have lapsed since the second edition of this volume was issued, and epoch-making changes have taken place in Manila since then. In revising the book, the principal effort has been to give the new Manila special prominence, to impress upon visitors that while this "Pearl of the Orient" still retains all the romance and poetry of old, it has at the same time joined the ranks of the world's big business centers.



Whole blocks of old ramshackle buildings, whose only romance was their age, have been torn down and replaced by modern structures of strong material more adapted to this era. New streets have been constructed and more are in course of construction or have been planned. The Bureau of Health has performed wonders, and epidemics of all kinds have forever been relegated to the past. Manila's new docks are up-to-date and afford room for the biggest ocean liners afloat. Such new government buildings as the General Hospital and the Bureau of Science are models that even big cities in the United States might copy. Manila is doubly attractive: on account of its modernness and on account of its antiquity.

With all the sweeping changes that have so rapidly transformed Manila to a modern business center, the city still has romance and poetry in abundance: in its many ancient churches, the medieval battlements and forts, the century-old Spanish houses, and the scenic beauty of the surrounding country. A quiet trip up the tranquil

waters of the Pasig River is productive of peace and repose to a restless soul. The picturesqueness of the small native houses along the banks brings out a sense for the beautiful even in those whose highest ambition is three substantial meals a day. The intense silence of the majestic mountains fills us with awe and makes us feel how little we really are in the tremendous expanse of creation. A few minutes, and we are out of the rush of the business section of the city, on the Luneta where three evenings a week Manilans gather to listen to the soft strains of the famous Constabulary Band, and from where one obtains a fine view of the ships riding at anchor in Manila Bay. Sunset on Manila Bay is one of the most beautiful sights imaginable. As the sun disappears behind the tall mountain peaks on the opposite shore, the sky turns purple and gold, and the silent waters of the Bay assume the dignified seriousness of night. The spectator falls into a trance of wonderment, overawed by this overwhelming display of the kaleidoscopic beauty of nature.

Kipling's:

"Oh, East is East, and West is West,  
And never the twain shall meet...."

is not true of Manila. They have met here;  
met under the proud folds of the Star  
Spangled Banner.

# INTERESTING MANILA

## CHAPTER I.

### Interesting Manila

MANILA needs a guide book. Under her oriental exterior is hidden a wealth of historical material of the highest human interest. In the very things that make many places famous among sightseers, she is easily the queen of the cities of the East, and for one who knows how to find the buried treasures, a year of residence in Manila may be one of the most profitable of a lifetime.

If Manila could, by some genius of modern times, be laid down in Europe and ticketed, labeled, bill-posted, and guide-booked, it would be famous. But Manila is in the Philippines, which is very different, and her wonders are not revealed to the wise and the prudent but to those who have the zest for original discovery. This is the peculiar charm of it all. There is nothing more depressing than to be led about by a professional guide, looking like a sucker and feeling like a fool,



listening to the pedantic formula unwound from the human phonograph who points out the sights with one hand and reaches for the tips with the other.

The utter emptiness and superficiality of all such show-window sight-seeing is in marked contrast to the facilities for getting back to sources and seeing, not the show-window, but the factory with its human skill and processes. It may take some searching to find pearl, but when found, the discovery is all one's own and has not been spoiled by a commercial greed that would place on exhibition the family skeleton if the price could be collected from the gaping visitor.

If life in the Orient is to be enjoyed rather than endured, it is important that there be kept alive a sympathy for all things, both great and small, that possess human interest. The commonest street scenes are fascinating when first seen, and every day will bring some new feature, if the vision is keen and the heart open to the soul of things. To pause a moment before some quaint corner in a narrow Chinese street, or to catch a mental photograph of a picturesque *banquero*

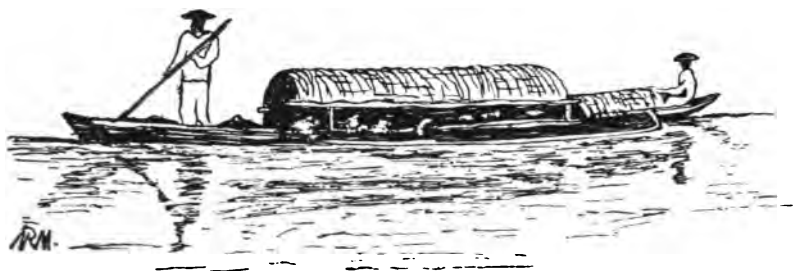


**Historic old Bridge of Spain —Third oldest structure in the Islands.**

paddling his Filipino gondola loaded with humanity and zacate, is to break the monotony of the day with a touch of color that lightens the long hours, and nowhere are there more bits of human flavor than in Manila.

Suppose a *barrio* of Manila were set up in the suburbs of some American city! What a commotion would arise! People would flock to see the narrow streets with

overhanging houses, the pony trying hard to reach the ground in spite of his *carretela* loaded with four generations of humanity, the two-wheeled *carabao* dray moving one mile per hour, the playing children dressed in close-fitting brown satin and pleasant smiles, with an occasional brief shirt, the *dulcè* baskets and market produce on the heads of the straight-shouldered and bare-footed women, the crooked *esteros* with their teeming traffic and their primitive laundries, the picturesque *nipa* shacks, the impromptu *tiendas*, and everywhere the contented and slow-moving native waiting for some one to run him down. If these things and a thousand others would be interesting in America, are they not worth looking at here?

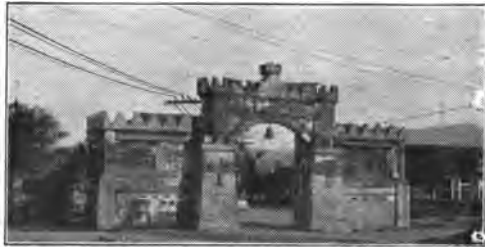


## CHAPTER II.

### Intramuros

THE Far East is rapidly coming to the center of the world's attention, and it looks as if the greatest dramas of the twentieth century may be played on the oriental stage. The Philippines will continue to be the basis of American influence in this great reconstruction, and the capital of the Philippines will always be Manila.

The present city limits of Manila include over a dozen square miles; but historic, esthetic, artistic, architectural, and ecclesiastical Manila, is the Walled City, or *Intramuros*.





Barring the longer life of the great wall of China, the walls of Manila are as full of interest as any piece of masonry in the Orient. The oldest piece of construction under the American flag is Fort Santiago. The oldest books, churches, organs, convents, city gates, bells, relics, and institutional life to be found within that part

of the earth ruled by the American people, are all in Intramuros.

Every stone in the old walls, every foot of soil in the old town, every street and old building, is rich with historical associations that well reward the earnest explorer for every day spent in cultivating a speaking

acquaintance with the old city and its guardians.

The Pacific Coast has some interesting old missions built by the Franciscan fathers a century or more ago, and Southern California has been made famous by such relics as she happens to possess. Intramuros has more places and shrines of historical value than all Southern California put together. By all the things that make a place to throb with that great heart-cry of the ages from silent towers and broken arches of the past, Intramuros is supreme.

The charm of the tropics is a factor, the commercial value of which has never been fully realized. Only the returned pilgrim who "hears the East a-calling" can know the care-free life of comfort and luxury. Some time this value will take more tangible form, and then Intramuros will come into its own.

If there is any worth in broad bays and graceful palms and gorgeous sunsets and fair vistas of silhouetted harbor masts against the sky; if any interest in walls and temples and broken ruins and dungeon vaults and faded relics and pages printed in 1545; if



**The Historic Parian Gate, one of the entrances to the Walled City.**

these and a hundred others are worth anything as voices that speak out from the dead past, then Intramuros is rich, and every life that learns to know her will have received an added value in that inner treasure-house where thieves cannot break through and steal.

The old walls of Manila are associated with the whole history of the Philippines, and legend and story are wrought in their very

stones. Shot and shell have shrieked over those bastions, and deeds of lust and blood have been enacted behind those gateways.

It was the old walled city that bore the brunt of the attack in every conquest of the Philippines. This little piece of land, less than a square mile in extent, has been the site of more fighting, more political plotting, more ecclesiastical intrigue and official pomp and ceremony—in short the focus of more historical life—than all of the rest of the Philippines taken collectively. Its streets are quiet enough now, but once they rang with shouts and shots that stirred the blood and quelled the hearts of the bravest. The old convents look as if nothing ever happened there, but many weird and strange things *have* happened, and possibly the list is not yet complete. The old friars look as if they never had a thought aside from the prayer book and the dinner table, but from somewhere within those old monasteries have come forth strange deeds. Mysteries as dark as the black robes might well call forth ghosts as grey as the white robes that still are seen daily on the streets. The whole atmosphere



of the place takes the visitor back to the musty air of many years gone by.

The treasures of Manila are close together and easily found. No mode of travel other than one's own feet is needed and no passport other than an honest face is asked. A week spent in this urban museum will write a chapter in the book of one's life memory that will lend a fragrance to all the years to come, and if some of our globe-trotting friends will pause a little, they may find here things that can never be seen elsewhere than in this walled-in capital of the Philippines.



## CHAPTER III

### A Dream City



THE treasures of Intramuros are not exhibited in the show-windows; there are no show-windows. Neither are the things richest in human interest revealed unto the wise and prudent, but unto those who

approach them with sympathetic hearts and understanding minds. The brusque and program style of the rapid-change American tourist is of no value for finding things in Intramuros. For be it known that things here must be hunted up and discovered. There is not a single guide in the whole Philippine Islands, and no native will admit that he knows anything, at least not the first time he is asked. To all this treasure-

world the common Filipino is indifferent, and it is useless to ask the simplest directions. The policemen and the padres and the secretary of the Merchants' Association are the only sources of information.

To understand Intramuros and find its charms, the pilgrim will have to enter the land of dreams and become himself an Oriental for the time. If a masterpiece of art or music must be interpreted in the spirit of its conception and execution, how much more this hoary old museum of things gathered by the hand of time. The East and the West have need to learn of each other, and we may well turn Oriental for a while, and find the key to the present confusion in the Orient. Let us make a trial.

It is not without significance that the East furnishes the victims of the poppy plant. Some tincture of the cup of Lethe has been poured into the caldron in which is brewed the mental potion of the Oriental, and the floating mists of fragrant dreams weave in and out his vision.

The West is known by its deeds, the East by its dreams. The Anglo-Saxon lives in

the concrete, the Oriental in the shadows. The American, having found a "proposition" in a field, makes haste and sells all that he has and buys that field that he may dig therein and get "results." The Oriental inhales the drowsy fumes of some far-off good that was, or is, or is to come—it little matters which—and is content.

Two great world forces have hitherto gone their own ways, each sufficient unto



**The Ayuntamiento, Headquarters of the Philippine Government**

itself and utterly oblivious of the other. Two peoples from opposite sides of the earth have come together here in Manila, and the result is a state of confusion and commotion that dismays the visitor. Success, failure, achievement, discontent, ingratitude, great plans and petty tyranny are indiscriminately mixed together, and what sort of a "medicine" the resulting brew may produce is yet to be seen.

The average man who comes here has all his lifetime been subject to the opinion that the universe is founded upon the supremacy of the Anglo-Saxon, and that besides him there is none else. He is a saturated solution of self-confidence in the way of thinking and acting and meeting life on the big high way, and the first intimation that this side of the world is not only different, but that it knows little about him and cares less, comes as a genuine surprise.

Here is a land where men are measured not by results, where life is not contained in the abundance of things that a man possesses, where something besides balance sheets and bedrock chances are the final goal, if indeed



**Puerta Real, entrance to Walled City**

it has any final destination. And the old East is rich in that one commodity in which the new West is utterly and hopelessly bankrupt. We are millionaires in *time*. We may not be long on houses and lands, and every new day does not lay at our feet the opportunity of a lifetime to get in on the ground floor, but we have time and to spare; and with



**At the Church Door**

all their progress and power and pomp, the kings of commerce are miserable paupers pitifully begging, as they rush along, for a morsel of time in which to stop and live.

If the pilgrim is to live in the East for even a short year, it is well to begin by coming to the mountain of dreams,

for the mountain will never come to the pilgrim. And with all seriousness the pilgrim needs the mountain.

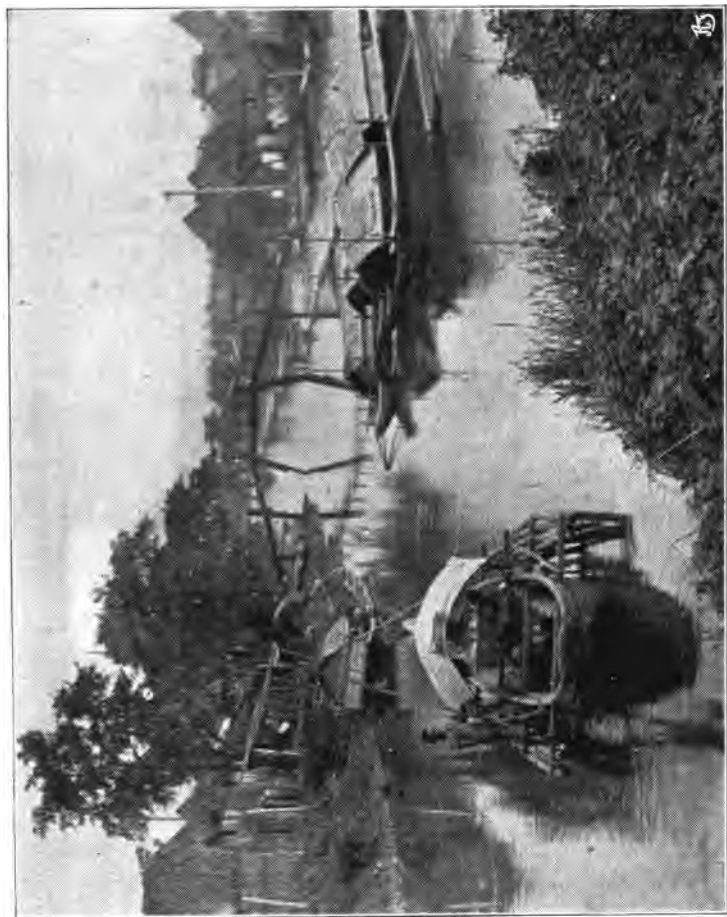
Earth has no cure  
For the nervous quest,  
The tense unrest,  
The hurrying haste of fate:  
Like the soothing balm  
Of the tropic palm  
And the land where things can wait.

To be content with such things as we now have and to enjoy the days as they pass may after all be worth something, as well as the mad rush after the morrow's sun that never yet rose till the bubble has been pushed back another twenty-four hours.

Intramuros is a fitting capital of this land of dreams. The soldier dreams of discharge, the business man of quick shipments and low freight, the American women of fans and fascinators. The *Ilustrado* dreams of independence, the *tao* of rice and fish and the cockpit, the *señorita* of *sorbete* and the *baile*.

To the stern demands of modern progress Intramuros yields not a word of her tale of treasure, but to the touch of human sympathy she opens a door into a rich storehouse.





In the Country near Manila



## CHAPTER IV.

### The Walls of Intramuros

HISTORY and mystery are built into the two and three-quarter miles of walls that surround the old capital of the Philippines. The modern tourist, who walks about Manila telling her towers and marking her bulwarks, soon finds himself fascinated by a construction that bears evidences of many builders and widely differing plans of defense.

The whole story of the Philippine Islands from the days of naked barbarism to the

zenith of the Spanish occupation, is written into the grass-covered walls. Siege and surrender, defense and conquest have all left their inscriptions, and it needs but the historian's page to give these stones speech with which to tell their tale of three centuries.

The first wall, built in 1570, was of hewn logs, which was none too strong, for in 1574 occurred the first attack on the walls under Spanish dominion. Limahon, a Chinese pirate and general big cacique, having 2,000 soldiers and a Japanese general to make them fight, found his world grown too small for him, and, sighing for others to conquer, set sail for Manila. His seventy "large" vessels stopped at Mariveles, while six hundred men were sent to Manila to take the city. These Chinese soldiers were at first victorious. They entered by the gate, burned the place, and killed many, but the Spaniards rallied and drove them out. Salcedo was up near Dagupan at the time and, hearing of the affair, hastened to Manila with reinforcements and led an attack on Limahon's entire force. The Chinese were driven back and went to Pangasinan, where they set up a tyrannous



**Pasig River, near Custom House**

dominion over the natives. Legaspi gathered an expedition by sea and tried to trap the pirate in the mouth of the river, but the wily Chinaman was too sharp for him and, digging a canal by night, escaped with his boats.

In 1590 Governor Dasmariñas came out from Spain with authority to begin the fortification of the city in earnest. The permanent construction of stone was begun at Fort Santiago and is standing at the present time after three hundred years of as interesting history as the Orient affords. The sluggish life of the natives now began to feel the powers of Spanish civilization, at that time a star of first magnitude. The people were scattered about the low walls and fort and were a constant temptation to the Sulu pirates, and Spain kept a garrison ready for defense.

Once inaugurated, the strenuous life was much in evidence for the sixteenth century, and there began a living picture before the walls that has extended for three hundred years. The plans of the walls themselves were changed several times and, with interruptions, the work went on in the deliberate



**Front of Cathedral, Walled City**

style of the old days until 1872 when the last changes were authorized but never finished.

These walls have seen Intramuros grow from a squalid swamp to strong buildings of mortar and tile. The surrounding villages have grown into one continuous city, and the shipping that has anchored before Pasig has increased from the first lograft to the modern liner. The largest steamers that plow the waters of the Pacific now anchor at the new docks recently built by the insular government, and where the white-capped waves of the bay beat upon the shores of the city in front of the walls, there

now stand beautiful large concrete structures erected upon the newly made ground.

The first test of the new walls came in 1603 with the first Chinese outbreak. This was the result of a mutual misunderstanding and slander, and lasted in intermittent fashion for about six months. At the end of this time it was reported that all the Chinese were killed, and there was peace. But while there was peace, there was also hunger, for the Chinese had furnished the only reliable labor, and the natives would not dig. It is estimated that about twenty-four thousand Chinese perished in this revolt.

Juan De Silva began new work on the walls in 1609, which was continued by Juan Niño de Tabora in 1620, and again by Diego de Fajardo in 1644, in which year the Diego Bastion, then known as the foundry bastion, was completed. This bastion is situated at the southern end of the west wall and was the first of the large bastions added to the encircling walls, which were "then of no great height nor finished construction."

To the engineer the walls present a most interesting study. The work was executed at different times, and often there were many years between.

The inevitable result was that no uniform plan was followed in the execution of the work. This is seen in the variety of materials used and in the number of different systems of fortifications employed, all of which makes the enceinte a most interesting study. In the main, brick, earth, and soft stone were the materials used; the brick for facing the parapets and the stone for the walls. This stone has become much harder with time and presents a very solid appearance.



**Corner of the Wall.**



The technical story of the building of the walls is to be found in a pamphlet printed by the adjutant general's office of the Philippines Division of the United States Army, and to those who understand the terms used, it is full of interest.

The casual visitor, however, is interested most in the human side of the story, and for him the attractive feature of the old fortifications is their great age and the history that is built into and around them.

When as a result of the "family compact" France and Spain combined to reduce the power of Great Britain, England declared war upon both her foes. The English were successful everywhere, and a fleet was despatched to the Philippines with orders to capture the city of Manila.

In September, 1762, thirteen ships commanded by Admiral Cornish entered the bay and disembarked the British troops at San Antonio Abad, two and one-half miles south of Manila. Surrender of the city was demanded and refused, and the British advanced through Malate and Ermita, driving the Spaniards before them into the Walled City.

The invaders seized and fortified the two strong churches that stood at that time about two hundred and fifty yards south of the wall. One of them stood about where the old headquarters of the Post of Manila formerly was, and the other near the north band-stand on the Luneta, the latter being used for the breaching guns.

The British forces comprised a total of some twenty-five hundred men, while the defense had about one thousand trained men and an unlimited supply of undisciplined natives. The 24-pounders began to pour shot into the



**The Luneta, Manila.**

walls and soon a breach began to widen. Spain had built a wall, but masonry was no match for men, and on the morning of the 24th of October, the British troops marched through the broken wall and up what is now Calle Palacio. The archbishop signed the articles of capitulation, and a scene began which brings a blush to any humane soldier of today. For a week the town was turned over to the ravishing of the British soldiers, and we can only say that war made barbarians of the victors. The treaty of Paris (1762) took no account of the Philippine situation, and Spain again was left in control of the islands.

The siege had developed certain weaknesses in the walls and defects in their plan,



and improvements were soon begun under Engineer Gomez and some important changes made. The old Real, or royal gateway, originally was placed where the trolley car now enters the south end of Calle Palacio, but the bombardment had injured it, and for greater safety it was transferred to the middle of the curtain, just west of the former point, where it afforded the only southern entrance until ten years ago when the wall was cut at the present location of the street.

In 1797 a new grant revived the work on the walls and some very radical changes were made along the Pasig where the defense



was greatly strengthened. The churches south of the wall were destroyed by the English during their administration, and so obvious was their menace to the safety of the city that their rebuilding was never permitted. The rampart of these walls varies greatly in height and thickness. The curtain walls of Santiago are only eight feet thick. At the west end of Calle Aduana the top is twenty feet above the moat, and there is a thickness of forty-five feet of earth with a thin retaining wall of soft stone. The parapet nowhere exceeds sixteen feet of soft turf with its core of earth.

The moats presented their own problems of construction, as the land was little better than a marsh, and the weight of the walls made necessary the paving of the bottom of the moat with firm material. The bottom was made with a long slope at the foot of the scarp low enough to be under water.

While the old walls would be of no use in a modern siege, and were too weak to withstand the attack of the British in 1762 without being manned by a superior force, they



have served the Spaniards well. Up to sixty years ago, Sulu pirates from Mindanao roamed Philippine waters and were a constant menace to the safety of any unprotected coast city. The Portuguese and Dutch fleets more than once threatened Manila, and there was the ever present danger of uprisings among the natives themselves.

During three centuries of savagery and strife the walls have made secure the citadel of Spain, and Spanish government has been much better than no government at all. If the Philippines are to-day better than Borneo the physical basis of the fact may be found in the walls.

The walls are not without much esthetic value. The strip from the Intendencia down to the Parian gate is among the most picturesque sights of the

city. Covered with moss and shrubbery it is a fitting monument to the old order, and should never be destroyed. This section includes the Isabela gate, one of the best and least used examples of the old portals of the city.

Of the seven gates, five still stand, and some of the old windlasses used for closing them may still be seen lying about, though unused now for years. Until 1852 the gates were closed from eleven o'clock at night until four in the morning; and Spanish watchmen guarded the sleeping city. The inscriptions on the gates now standing have been restored and are quite legible. Most of these are less than sixty years old, and mark the completion of the gates in their present form.

It takes some imagination to transform the throng now passing daily through the city gates into the stately processions and gorgeous pageants that accompanied the old governors and archbishops to the Ayuntamiento and the cathedral. Spain was then mistress of half the world, and she made her speech the official language of a large fraction of mankind. The writing on the walls of time has num-

bered her days of power and swept away her greatness of empire, but while Spanish is spoken and the walls of Manila stand, she will not be forgotten.

The walls are the most conspicuous landmarks of Manila, and when made over into public parks will serve humanity in the gayer hours of rest and pleasure as well as they have protected life and property in the old and strenuous days of the Spanish empire.







**Fort Santiago**

## CHAPTER V.

### Fort Santiago.

**I**N all the Philippine Islands the most interesting object is Fort Santiago. When back in the twelfth century the first fearless mariner discovered a chain of islands across the China sea inhabited by "Saracens," he reported a peaceful people; but the next account of them tells of Sulu pirates and savages who lived by fighting and plunder.

When Magallanes again discovered the Islands in 1521 he found a people who knew how to fight, and lost his life at their hands. Urdaneta had difficulty in maintaining peace with the inhabitants of Cebu, and report came to him of a large island called Luzon with a great bay and a sturdy people. When the expedition, under command of Captain Martin de Goiti and Juan de Salcedo, arrived in the year 1570 opposite the town of Manila, a rude but strong wooden palisade was already erected by the natives at the south side of the mouth of the Pasig, and there were twelve bronze cannon, of native manufacture, mount-

ed for the defence of the place. All of this furnishes good ground for belief that Fort Santiago has a history that may be traced back past the dawn of modern Philippine history to the time when the first group of savages were gathered by the Pasig under the leadership of a Mohammedan rajah, and built a log enclosure for defense against other savages about them. The mouth of the river has always been the strategic position of the whole country, and on that same spot Fort Santiago stands to-day. What the Tower of London is to England, the Vatican to Rome, and Bunker Hill monument to the United States, Fort Santiago is to the Philippine Islands. Very few of the thousands who pass before it every day stop to give a thought to the fascinating history of the heavy walls over which float to-day the stars and stripes.

The story of this monument will some day be written by a sympathetic heart and a romantic pen, and then we will realize what a historical treasure it is that stands so little noticed by the curio hunters who come and go, while the old fort is heedless of their passing.

Accounts differ a little as to just what happened when Salcedo's expedition sailed into the bay of Manila, but Fr. Juan de la Concepción says that Rajah Soliman rallied his forces and manned his twelve bronze guns in the palisade and made a goodly defense of the place, but the besiegers were victorious and set fire to the city and afterward captured Cavite. Another account states that surrender was made without opposition. The can-

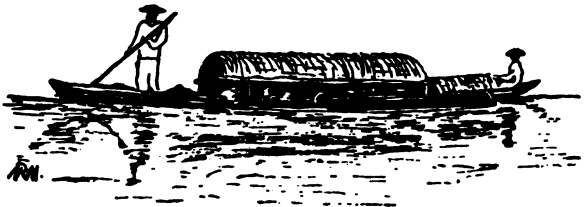


non were captured and taken to Panay, a treaty was made and signed in blood by Salcedo and Rajah Soliman, and the expedition returned to Cebu.

When Legaspi heard of the fine location and great bay of Manila, he at once made preparations to shift his headquarters, and, in April, 1571, he took the city, and found it empty, as the inhabitants had fled after setting fire to their houses. Legaspi soon placated the rajah, and in June of the same year founded the city of Manila, and the written history of Fort Santiago began. The old palisade was at once strengthened, and the natives were commanded to build a wall about the place, to erect a good house for the governor and one hundred and fifty houses for the Spaniards. All this they promised readily enough, but were attacked with "philippinitis" and forgot to do the work. This made it necessary for the Spaniards to work on the fort themselves. The wooden walls were reinforced with earth; but the new governor, Santiago de Vera, seeing the need for more stable protection than a wall of stakes, cleared the ground

and laid the first stones of the fort that bears his name. These stones are still in the wall, though difficult to identify at the present time.

When Governor Dasmariñas arrived in 1590 he brought instructions from the king of Spain to fortify the place so as to insure it against all attacks by land or sea and at once set about the work. His first construction was that of the circular wall still standing in front of the parapet of the fort itself. It is on the lower level, and is washed by the waters of the Pasig. Since the American occupation a road has been built by which the visitor may enter the fort from the Ma-lecon drive. The entrance and stairway, leading from the lower portico to the new building on top of the wall, are also of very recent construction. When Dewey anchored





off the breakwater, and General Merritt entered the inner quadrangle to sign the articles of capitulation, there was no building of any sort on the wall, but it was fortified with the best artillery the city afforded.

With the establishment of the civil government in 1901 the use of the place as a fortress was forever abandoned, and it serves now as the headquarters for the Philippines Division of the United States army. The building on top of the wall is one of the most pleasant and comfortable office buildings in Manila, and serves as headquarters for the commanding general.

“La Real Fuerza de Santiago,” (the royal stronghold of Santiago), as Governor Dasmariñas left it, consisted of a straight grey front projecting into the river mouth. An open gun platform above was supported by arches and called the “Battery de Santa Barbara,” in honor of the patron saint of all good artillerymen. A lower tier of fire was afforded through embrasures in the casements formed by the arches. Simple curtain walls without interior buttresses, extended the flanks to a fourth front facing the city.



The casements were afterward filled in and the embrasures closed and the curtain wall facing the city was changed to a bastion. The detailed description of these early constructions were carried to England by the British after their conquest of Manila and some of the maps and papers are now in the British Museum in London. In the report of Governor Tamon sent to Spain in 1739 occurs a detailed description of the fort which is of interest to military men, but unintelligible to the uninitiated. Suffice it to say that the fort itself in its present form has stood practically unchanged for about three hundred years, and is getting old enough to command the respect due any construction that through all the changing vicissitudes of three centuries has stood unchanged.

The pay-roll of the garrison before the British invasion throws a curious light on living conditions in the old days. The "warden" must have been quite an aristocrat, as he received a monthly salary of 66 pesos. The lieutenants were paid 15 pesos, the sergeants three pesos, the Spanish soldiers two pesos, and the native soldiers were rewarded

for their devotion by a regular payment of a peso and a quarter every month. The total annual pay of the whole garrison amounted to 4,600 pesos. This might furnish a hint on economy to the war department, but it is not likely to serve as a precedent.

Many strange things have happened under the shadow of the old fort, and there are old Spaniards living in Manila who shake their heads wisely and intimate that if they were to tell all they know, it would be an astonishing story indeed. How much they really know is a question, but certain it is that the natives have a great fear of the old place. The records of the church historians associate the fort with several remarkable visitations of the shades of saints who had been buried and were supposed to remain so, but as a



special favor to the city, failed to "stay put."

There are all sorts of stories floating about the old fort. So far as the walls are concerned, there is some foundation for the stories. There are store rooms and magazines, and the outer curtains are connected with the main walls in some cases by underground passages, or were, before these tunnels were destroyed. The filling of the old moat closed them, probably forever. When the wall at the end of Calle Aduana was removed, the inner chamber was found filled with human skeletons.

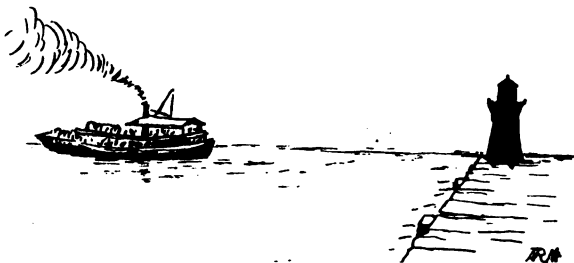
There were, however, underground passages and deep-built cells in the fort itself. When the Americans took charge of the place



there was no opening in the wall where the large stairway is now located on the river face, but from the large room now used as a magazine there was a circular well just under the new stairway. This well was entered by means of a series of winding stone steps, and led down to a passage considerably below the level of the water in the river. This lower passage led back from the river and was lined on each side by cells which could be closed from the front and which were so low that it was impossible to stand in them. There was also a movable gate by which the water could be admitted from the river, and all the evidence pointed to the use of these cells for purposes of "unintentional"



antiago.



executions of persons whom it would be expedient to have out of the way without open trial or public capital punishment. The natives have a terror of this old place and have no desire to see anything below the surface of the walls. When the present improvements were made in the fort the old well was closed up, and if there is any way of reaching it at the present time it is unknown to the engineers who have made the changes of recent years.

We tried to enter through a door at the foot of the stairway leading up to the driveway around the fort; but a careful exploration with electric light revealed nothing more than a series of empty chambers which had evidently been used as magazines. All but two of these are more or less filled with

earth and stone, and the passage is finally blocked entirely. After the trip underground, reference to a plan of the fortification showed that the passage explored led beneath the large granite steps that lead up the northeast side of wall to the adjutant general's office.

The "muchacho" who carried the wire for us insisted that the place was full of great snakes, and it was only when he was assured that we were armed for all comers, that he consented to accompany us.

There are plenty of people about Manila who look wise when Fort Santiago is mentioned, and affirm that there are underground passages leading "back as far as the old Army and Navy Club," if not indeed to Malate (or Zamboanga for that matter), but no one of



these knows where to find the secret door to the hidden chambers. He always knows though, the man who does know, and this man always says "next door neighbor" till the would-be explorer gives up the chase.

There is an old Spaniard who knows all about it but he won't tell. There is also a native who possesses the key to the charm, but he lost his mind some years ago and can't talk on one subject long enough to tell the way to the mysterious door. Then there is an American who knows and will tell only when he is drunk, and he is now virtuously sober, and Heaven forbid that I should ever persuade him to backslide.

But what's the difference? Here goes! There was a woman walled up in one of those lower chambers with a baby born the day she entered. When the Americans came sixteen years later, they found her with her sixteen-year old child, who had never been outside that midnight cell. Another political prisoner was to have been drowned, but in the excitement of the events preceding the surrender of the place, he was forgotten, and the American found him, a maniac, having had

no food for two weeks. In other chambers were found awful skeletons telling their ghastly tales with no need of commentary. Strange noises used to be heard at night, coming from these lower chambers, until the entrance thereto was walled up, and that chapter of shudders forever closed.

Did I see these things? No; but I saw a man who knew a man who had a friend that got it straight, though he was not at liberty to tell who said so, and I had to promise never to breathe it to a living soul. Let no gossiping reader betray my sacred trust.

Three flags have floated over Fort Santiago. For three hundred and twenty-eight years the Spanish ensign was unfurled to the tropic breeze, except for the brief time when the British flag supplanted that of the rightful lords of the islands named after their discoverers and conquerors.

The unfurling of the third flag makes one of the greatest stories of modern times and is still fresh in the minds of every American in the islands. In this great act of history Fort Santiago played a major part that is not always fully appreciated.



If Fort Santiago has no other cause for renown, the glory of the event of 1898 would be reason enough to make it famous. In the inner court General Merritt met with the Spanish governor-general on the memorable 13th of August and arranged the preliminary agreement for the surrender of the Spanish citadel of the Orient. There was but little sleep in Manila that night. The American troops were in the city and the insurgents were outside disappointed because they were not admitted to equal rights with the victors. The Spaniards were disarmed, and the people lived in quaking terror of what the morning might bring. The next day the final articles were signed and the populace held its breath, for the tales of what occurred when the British sacked the city in 1772 were enough to cause a shudder.

For a week no one ventured out of his house; but none of the terrible things came to pass. There was no pillage, no bloodshed, no rapine nor plunder. The astonishment of the natives knew no bounds. It was too good to be true. Every American has

reason to be proud of the fourth conquest of old Fort Santiago.

During the "days of the empire" the military features of the old fort were abandoned, and the office building was erected on top of the wall, and while the Stars and Stripes wave over the monument it will probably never again be used as a fortification.

Out in the bay lie the great white battleships with their sleeping thirteen-inch guns guarding the peace of the city, and Fort Santiago looks very small and helpless before such modern engines of destruction. The stone work belongs to the old age and not to the new, and while the flag floats over us and the cruisers in the bay keep watch before the city we shall be better guarded by that flag and those guns than by any walls of wood or stone.

What material the old fort would furnish for a Hawthorne or Haggard! The old tales might be woven into a work that would raise the hair with horror, and much of the tragedy might be but facts of history. It is well that the old stories are not better confirmed, and what does it matter? The per-

petrators are dead or deported, the explorers have gone home, the records are inaccessible.

For the antiquarian who would delve into the musty past of the most interesting of all structures in the Philippines, there is much material, but it is hard to reach. There is data enough, though, to clothe the old fort with pictures of strenuous history and make the silent stones tell strange tales from the forgotten past. As a genuine source of history, literature and romance Fort Santiago is one of the most unique relics of the oriental world.



**Happy Children**

## CHAPTER VI.

### Manila's Churches.



**San Sebastian Church, Manila—Steel  
throughout.**

**M**ANILA is a city of churches. Her skyline, seen from the bay, is an outline of domes and cupolas, and above all surrounding buildings blaze the corrugated roofs of her Christian temples.

China has her walls, India her pagodas, her carved shrines and gilded images, but the distinguishing feature of Manila is her churches. She alone, of all the cities of the East, is rich in the sanctuaries and symbols of the faith of the civilized world.

To the chance tourist in Manila these churches are objects of little interest except in their external outlines. For the interested visitor, however, a surprise is in store and he will find that the bare exteriors enclose a world of intense interest to every lover of things historical and human.

The European may be pardoned for lack of interest in buildings that are young beside



**Roman Catholic Cathedral, Manila.**

the hoary monuments of Barcelona or London or Rome, but to the American the three centuries of Saint Augustine and the Recoletos seem very respectable, and for anyone there is enough of interest to brighten many an otherwise monotonous day of tropical ennui.

Who, with the faintest trace of historical instinct in his make up, can fail to be interested in such monuments of toil and sacrifice of generations dead and forgotten? Beautiful these old churches were in their scars and moss and vines. Many have been spoiled by fresh coats of paint; but who can sit silent in their vaulted aisles without hearing from those stained and mellow walls, whispered prayers of priests who long since have vanished, and shadow chants of acolytes who have joined the choir invisible?

The exact number of these churches it is impossible to learn. Even in the walled city, there are so many sanctuaries and chapels that the count never results twice alike, and in this air of old Spain, who cares how many there be?

Most of the churches now standing are modern in construction, but the restorations



**Aisle in Cathedral**

were in strict keeping with the originals, and aside from the matter of sentiment the interest is not diminished by the fact that the earthquake of 1863 sadly marred most of the best churches of the city.

To those who are able to read the lines between the altars and arches the individual characteristics of the different orders are reflected in the churches they have built. The austerity of the Augustinians seems to hang about the somber shadows of the old church and the sincerity of life of the great order finds fitting expression in the building of genuine stone with no plaster nor make believe in its construction. Such building has stood for three centuries and such character will stand forever.

The higher culture of the Jesuit is nobly expressed in the most beautiful of all the churches of the Philippines, and the Gothic arches of old Santo Domingo are the purest type of that most striking of all forms of church architecture.

Like all other things worthy of time and study, these old churches do not yield their secrets to the rapid transit visitor seeking



only for some new sensation. The mellow lights of alcove and cloister and the fragrant incense of historical associations must be wooed with sympathetic heart and understanding mind, or little is learned. Both the churches and their gowned guardians present a sphynx-like front to the chance inquirer, but once the visitor is recognized as one who desires to learn, the keys are produced and the treasures of antiquity are reverently brought forth.

That much of the most interesting of this vast amount of material is inaccessible to women is unfortunate, but such is the case, and the men of the party will have to go alone if it is desired to see more than the church.

A fitting monument to the labor of thousands of native workmen are the heavy walls and great area of land covered by these buildings of the centuries when men wrought for other reasons than the wages received. It is unlikely that wages for labor were any considerable item of expense in these buildings, but we may pause before the works of an age that induced men to toil for the hope of heaven, and the fear of hell; for with

all our achievements we of the twentieth century can not do that.

The oldest church in Manila stands at the corner of calles Palacio and Real in the Walled City. Here the order of St. Augustine dedicated its first building on June 24, 1571. Two years later this church was burned, and in 1599 the present building was begun



**Santa Cruz Church.**

under the direction of Juan Marcias and the famous lay brother, Antonio Herrera, the son of the Spanish architect of the Escorial.

The strength of the walls is attested by the fact that it has withstood all storms and earthquakes which have ruined so many fine buildings through three centuries.

The interior is a broad nave with eight chapels. The vault is unique in that



it is all of hewn stone, being said to be the only one in the whole archipelago so constructed. Here lie the remains of Salcedo and of Legaspi who died in 1573.

The church of the Recoletos Order at the south end of calle Cabildo is probably the next in age, the present buildings having been completed early in the seventeenth century. These were preceded by buildings located to the south where the Bagumbayan now runs. The striking feature of the present church is the corner tower, which is of great symmetrical beauty and massive strength. The interior is well furnished and the convent has a fine view of the Luneta and the bay.

The church of the Franciscans is located on calles Solana and San Francisco. It is massive in construction and contains a chapel decorated in exquisite taste, and adorned by some fine paintings of recent date.

The present building was finished in 1739. Its architecture is of the Tuscan form, so common with all churches of the Franciscan order. Across the court is the church of the Third order built in 1733,

with two fine towers, but rarely open to visitors.

In the Walled City three churches are worthy of attention, whether the visitor has an hour or a week to spend in exploration. Of these the cathedral takes precedence and is best known of all the shrines of the city. Like most of the other large buildings the present structure is the successor of three or four predecessors which were destroyed by earthquakes. The last destruction was in 1863 and the present building is about a quarter of a century old. Its cost was \$288,000, borne in equal parts by the Spanish treasury, church funds and local gifts. Its architecture is of the Byzantine style, and the graceful columns, the lofty dome, the vaulted nave and aisles, and the massive facade are impressive examples of the Roman influence with the decorations consistently executed. It has nine entrances, three large chapels, many small chapels and the choir and organ are situated in the middle of the nave. Seven years were occupied in building.

To the sightseer the cathedral is one of

the most imposing but least interesting of the churches of Manila. It is too new, and it has no convent attached, with musty records and faded pictures to stir the imagination. It is a cathedral rather than a church, and is usually empty of worshippers and seems more like a monument than a shrine.

The bijou of Intramuros is the Jesuit Church on calle Arzobispo. It is thoroughly



**Sacristy of Santo Domingo.**

modern in design and execution, and its exterior is destitute of comeliness, but the interior leaves nothing to ask in ravishing beauty of decoration. The scheme is wrought in carved molave and the design and finish of the work are of high artistic merit. The ceiling is a lace work of panneling, the columns and arches are woven about with exquisite tracery of leaf and scroll and the figure work is natural and life-like. The pulpit is a work of especial merit and is worth going a long distance to see. Its bas-reliefs of gospel subjects are executed with a fineness of detail that is the more remarkable when one is informed that the work was all done by native artists under the direction, of course, of the missionary architect.

The sacristy is a room of marvelous beauty and the altar would be remarkable as a work of art in any city. The gallery is high and well-lighted and the effect of the whole church is one of a beauty that causes the beholder to drink in an unfailing soul satisfaction. An American priest is usually present and ready to extend every courtesy to the earnest visitor.

One of the most impressive and interesting of all the Manila churches is old Santo Domingo. The exterior with its embattled towers and climbing buttresses is stately and massive. The view from the Ayuntamiento



**From the Choir of Santo Domingo**





is striking, and the old Gothic windows of the semicircular apsis have a strong ecclesiastical flavor.

If there were nothing of Santo Domingo but its doors it would still be worth going to see. The interior is Gothic, being the only example of the kind in the city, and with its beautiful marble bases and altar steps, its choir and altar railings of worked brass, its colored glass and carved pulpit (said to have cost four thousand pesos), it readily weaves a spell of magic over the beholder. Its sacristy contains many objects of beauty and

interest and the mellow tinge of time lends a halo to the whole pile.

My first experience in a Manila church was at High Mass in Santo Domingo at the early hour. There were sixteen hundred candles shining in the gloom of the old sanctuary, and a thousand worshipers were kneeling on the polished floor. Among the high arches gathered the smoke of the incense, and way up in the dome the morning sun streamed red and gold through the colored glass.

The chanting of the priests reverberated through the aisles like the noise of a cataract, and the answer of the prostrate people was like the murmur of many waters upon the sand. Then the great organ with its thundering reeds made the old pile ring and shout like some strong giant in sport, and in the succeeding silence the people waited in awe for what might follow. What did follow was the chanting of the boys' choir without accompaniment, and the effect from the high gallery was as if the voices came from everywhere, the very stones had suddenly become vocal and joined in the acclamation.



***Presbyterian Church, Tondo, Manila.***

At last it was over, and the multitude filed slowly out past the great marble basons, and there remained only the flickering candles, the fragrant incense, the glittering altar and the slanting sun-beams of orange and purple. What a place for reverie, what a spot for romance! What shades of the forgotten past knelt behind the dusty images, and hovered among the pointed arches!

With all its painted pillars and glaring colors the old church has a fascination about

its rich tone and its gothic lines that holds one. Whatever it may be, it is a church, and it weaves over the visitor the spell of the old gothic motive, that insistent pointing upward that lifts men's hearts to the sky.





**MARKET STREET, MANILA.**  
Showing new concrete buildings—Lack & Davis Bldg., left—American Hardware Co., right.

## CHAPTER VII.

### Ruins and Romance.

THE globe trotter who spends two days doing Manila has no idea that he treads on the bones of a vanished empire. No field richer in romance is to be found than that which lies about him and beneath his feet.

Manila has had exceptional ruin-making agencies, and the terrified natives regard the crumbling heaps as grewsome reminders of the work of the dreaded earthquake. Few of the modern strangers here have given a thought to these monuments, and many have left the islands never suspecting that they had been within a stone's throw of a spot rich in reverie and romance.

No place is really interesting to the mental vision until it affords some ruins. New countries may be fresh and up-to-date, but until age has helped the hand of time to carve some scars to tell of past achievements there is a dearth of highest human interest.

Manila has no millennium-old pyramids, but she has some things old enough to command respectful attention. If broken arches

could talk and ruined walls tell their story, some tales might be heard that would make Kipling's fiction pale in comparison. These old veterans have in their crumbling decay more power to quicken the pulse and stir the imagination than all the paint and glitter of some new palace.



**Old Arches at Guadalupe.**

What we dwellers in the islands need is some interpreter, some one of a thousand, with the soul of an artist, to put these things on canvas so that we may cease to pass them blindly, and, if need be, make pilgrimages to their fallen shrines. But the American rarely sees the beautiful about him till he is shown,

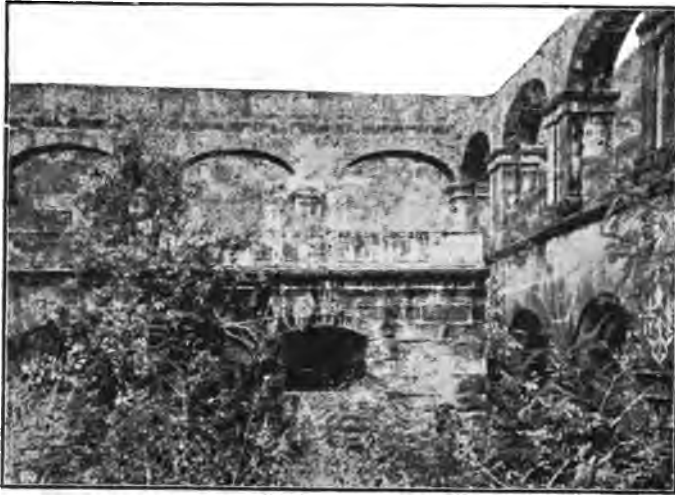
and the Filipino is all unconscious that there is anything to show.

Many of the most interesting of these ruins have entirely disappeared. As late as 1901 there stood in the Walled City near the corner of Calles Palacio and Victoria a part of the facade of the old Jesuit church, in its day the most magnificent of all the churches of the islands. Before the earthquake of 1863 destroyed it, this was a masterpiece of colossal proportions, and was famed throughout the east for the beautiful embroidery-like carving of its stonework. Its cost was 150,000 pesos, but all that is left of the old temple is the two small mounds of tile and cement upon which are mounted two old cannon of primitive design. They are passed every day by hundreds unnoticed—the only links left to connect us with a mighty past.

The present Malate church has been restored until it is of little interest. The old tile, the hole in the west gable made by American shot, and the walls with shrubs and trees growing in their crevices made a building worth going to see, but now it is all paint and corrugated iron.



On Calle Solana in the Walled City, opposite the Franciscan church, stands a ruin that is interesting for its fine walls and perfect arches. The interior is used as a living place by natives who have constructed gypsy corners with scraps of tin and the ever



**Inner Court at Guadalupe.**

present iron, till they resemble oriental cliff dwellers. The walls of cement and tile are apparently as strong as ever.

To find genuine ruins one must leave the city proper and visit its suburbs where the

iconoclasm of reconstruction has not erased every record of the past. At Caloocan stands a church partly preserved that presents an imposing appearance from the east. Its transepts and apse are circular in form and built of good stone, well laid. Unless one is willing to be rudely awakened from the pleasing impression of the first sight from the railroad, he had better not draw closer. The apse is used as a pig-pen and the sanitary inspector has not had time to call lately. The nave is still used as a church but is in a woefully dirty and neglected condition. A bedraggled *muchacho* was sweeping the floor when I was there, and contented himself with pushing the dirt into the spaces made by the missing tiles in the floor.

The church at Malabon presents an imposing appearance from the front, the great Grecian pillars of the facade being well executed. The church back of this modern front is in absurd relations to the modern part, however. The interior is most interesting. From the door to the altar is quite 200 feet and the total width is 80 feet. The great nave is beautiful in its massive proportions

and simple design. The convent and east aisle were burned in insurgent days, out of hatred, it is said, for the Spanish friar, who was very unpopular. To this day, none but a Filipino priest dares enter the church. Upon the broken floor of the roofless aisle, the summer sun and the winter storm beat alike, but somehow the open sky does not seem an unfitting vault of blue. The old stairway stands, but the gallery is out of repair. The bare convent walls extend about the church as if they would not desert the church in its day of adversity and decay.



**Grass-grown**

Across the river from Malabon, in the barrio of Navotas, stands an interesting relic of the days when the friar ruled the land. A retreat was maintained in a fine two-story building facing the bay and commanding one of the finest views in the country. A broad stone quay still skirts the bay, and here the resting padres took their evening smoke and viewed the western glories. The walls still stand intact, and so strong are they that they might serve for a new building with little repair.

The church at San Pedro Macati is a familiar mark to anyone who has driven to



n moat.

Fort William McKinley. The tower stands apart from the church and contains the bells. The church and ruins of the convent are grouped on a low hill and in front of the church door is the old burying ground. In the rear is a garden where vegetables are raised and an impromptu road meanders down to the village by the river. The walls of the old convent are fine examples of the construction of those who built to last and the arches are in good condition.



**Old Church at Guadalupe.**



**One of the many statues found here and there about Manila,  
mute reminders of the days that are gone.**

If any one word could describe the present atmosphere of the place it would be some synonym of peace. Some elegy might well be written in this country church-yard and under the shadow of this silent sentinel tower. But there are men in Manila to-day who think of very different things when they remember the church at San Pedro Macati. Then the place was filled with insurgents and the sloping hill was the death couch of American soldiers who fought that peace might prevail. San Pedro Macati has her record of blood and if her cloistered arches are roofless to-day there is reason, for here was the scene of some of the most persistent and determined attacks of the entire war of the insurrection.

There are ruins everywhere in the Philippines, some imposing and some squalid, and some better ruined than restored. But the queen of all the ruins and the capital of all the broken cities of the past is the old monastery of Guadalupe. Situated on a hill above the river, the site commands a wide view in all directions, and is thoroughly typical of the retreats chosen by the builders of the famous European monasteries. Here

were once the life and interests of countless multitudes who thronged these altars and confessed at these shrines. It needs but the historical background to revive the spirit of the fifteenth century propaganda, and people these shadow shrines with shades of soul long since departed.

If the visitor is world-weary and seeks a lodge in some quiet wilderness he can find it at Guadalupe. Here no clanging gong disturbs the sacred echoes, and no rumble of traffic awakes the sleeping dead.

But like the faded flower her beauty has departed, and kind nature with tender sympathy has drawn over her face of mourning a veil of green to hide her scars and cover the naked bones in her ruined crypt.

Many and varied have been the fortunes of the historic spot. In 1601, 310 years ago, the foundations were laid under the direction of Fr. Antonio Herrera, son of the Spanish architect of the famous Escorial.

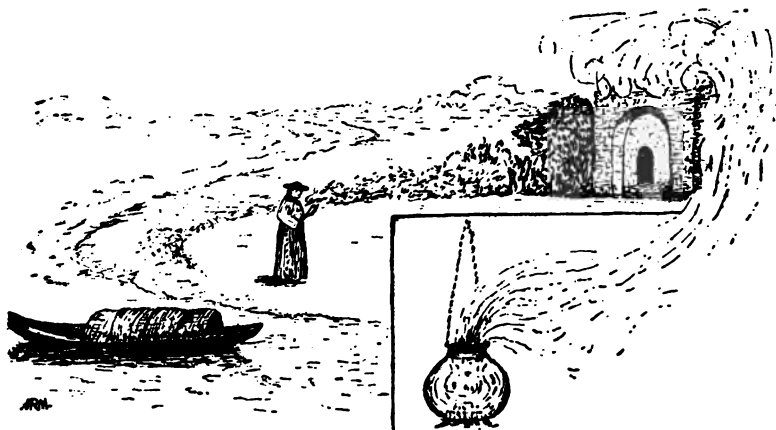
The church and convent were of massive construction and so well-built that the walls still stand as the great builder left them.



They successfully withstood all the heavy earthquakes of three centuries and have lived through practically the whole of the known history of the Philippine Islands.

Many years were occupied in finishing the first walls and they were several times afterwards extended, and some of the buttresses were greatly strengthened.

It requires but little historical vision to see the old monks toiling over their scant-clad converts, laboriously raising stone by stone the solid walls.



"These walls," said the missionary architect, "shall stand for ages to come that the generations following may look on them and worship God."

In the old days this church was famous as the shrine of the Virgin of Guadalupe, the original image of which was brought from Estremadura, in Spain, and reigned in great state for many years on the Guadalupe hill. Multitudes climbed the stone steps up the



**Corridor of the New Hotel.**

hill to the big stone court in front of the facade, and on many a *fiesta* day the walls echoed with the murmur of the multitude and the laughter of the little children at play.

The church itself was a striking example of Doric architecture, having massive buttresses to support its vault which was all of hewn stone. In 1880 some of these external supports gave way and the vault fell, after withstanding all the earthquakes; but in 1882 Father José Corugedo set about the work of restoration and repaired all the damaged portions of the building.

The old monastery was famous for its great library and its archives containing many relics and articles of great ecclesiastical interest and value. Here were many manuscripts of scientific works on Philippine subjects, many copies of the "*Flora de Filipinas*" by Father Blanco, a number of unpublished works, documents containing data of great historical value and other literary treasures, all of which were most carefully guarded from careless hands and profane eyes.

When a religious order occupies the same monastery for three centuries a strong com-

munity life is developed. Every foot of old pathway has its associations and every window ledge and corner seat its traditions and memories, and over it all is woven the mellow fragrance of things that are old. It is not strange that men who spent their days here lived with their faces toward the past.

Linger as we will among the memories of the days of glory we must come to the story of the destruction of the beautiful buildings and all their gathered treasures. Much as we should like to omit this chapter of the story, it is history and has its place.

The zeal of the American volunteers carried them far beyond the established line at San Pedro Macati, to Guadalupe and even to Pasig and Pateros. Who is responsible for this is another question, but on the fourteenth of February, 1900, the insurgent forces were concentrated against the isolated Americans, and while "the troops were not repulsed," it was deemed good tactics to fall back on Guadalupe and the troops were quartered in church and convent. During the night the insurgents massed their forces

in the jungle in front of the church and waged a furious battle from daylight till noon, when the Americans, supported by the artillery and the gunboat Laguna de Bay, on the river, advanced and drove out the enemy returning of course to their position at Guadalupe.

The insurgent general, Pilar, now secured as reinforcements the famous 23rd regiment of Aguinaldo, and on the 17th the battle was on in earnest. All day and the next also, the harassing fire continued, and on the morning of the 19th, after a lively skirmish the insurgents were driven back, the church and convent were fired, and the Americans fell back to their original position at San Pedro Macati.

It is most unfortunate that the church was ever occupied at all, as it was an untenable position of no advantage whatever. It is also regrettable that it was thought necessary to burn the monastery which would have been needless but for the premature occupation of the place and consequent concentration of rebel forces at that point. The military records at Fort Santiago show that there were four companies of the first Cali-

fornia Volunteers at the church when it was burned and abandoned, and that the total casualties occuring at Guadalupe were 8 killed and 42 wounded. But regrets will not restore the ruins, and for all the treasures of learning and toil as well as the results of time, the flames had neither fear nor mercy.

The present condition of the ruin is very unsatisfactory. A dense growth of brush covers all the approaches and fills the cloisters. It is almost impossible to photograph any part



of it by reason of the obstructions, and even the paths last made are hard to find. The visitor's first impression is that of great strength in the heavy walls which show in great numbers the holes made by the bullets of the insurgent soldiers. Within the church may be traced the remaining lines of the decorations of the old walls, but little is left to mark where the altar once stood.

The two-story colonnades of the inner court are beautiful in their moss and vines, and the perfectly formed arches lift their heads in mute appeal to the open sky. Below, men have played false with the long-suffering servants of stone; above there is justice and vindication. The old stone stairway still stands in good condition and is striking in the midst of broken walls. By spikes that some one has driven into the walls one may climb to the top of the church wall and from there walk about the entire ruin. The view from the western gable is one of the finest in the valley. The sunsets from the old upper windows must have been a joy to behold. The inner court contains the old cistern which is yet in perfect order and filled with clear



**Ruins of the "Guadalupe" Church.**



water. It probably held rain water from the clean-tiled roof in the old days, and with its cement floor, walls and vault left little to be desired.

Perhaps no spot is of more real interest than the crypt standing back of the apse of the church. It is partly above ground, the vault of hewn stone is still in good repair, and contains niches for forty-three bodies. There is every evidence that it was fully occupied, though the spaces are now all empty





**Court in Malacca Palace, the Governor-General's Residence.**

and the broken floor is strewn with the human bones. There is no spot in any of the ruins that seems so utterly old and dead and musty as this crypt. Only a heart of stone can be untouched by the grewsome damp of this chamber of death. Shall these bones live? Shall the dead past again be reproduced in a new monastery?

Men have traveled far to find a spot so beautiful or a ruin so romantic. There is little that we of the modern kind build that will last through three centuries, or stand in stately grandeur as does this broken monument of a crumbling empire. The desolating winds have dealt kindly with these veteran walls; may they do so with us!

We wind our way down the tangled slope and turn for one last look behind. There against the blue sky stands the naked walls, the pointed gable, the broken arch. Within those lengthening shadows rests the spirit of the past, breathing in silent slumber till some resurrection morn when all the broken arcs of earth shall join in Heaven's perfect round.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### Old Organs and Choirs.

MEN have immortalized their names in paint and marble, but it was left for Padre Diego Cera to build to himself a monument in bamboo, and a more interesting and unique memorial could scarcely be found. Padre Diego should have been a Yankee.

He came to the Philippines to build organs, and when he arrived, there was neither metal, nor suitable wood, nor tanned leather, nor wire, nor pipes, nor keys, nor anything else with which organs were usually made; but with a genius worthy of an eighteenth century Edison, he rose to the occasion and built an organ of bamboo.

When Heaven blessed with a son the humble home of Joaquin and Francisca Cera way back in 1762 in old Spain, there was of course due rejoicing. But little Diego soon began to show his inborn affinity for anything that went with wheels and levers, and no doubt his mother chided him, as do the mothers of all geniuses. As his parents were

devout people, a happy solution of Diego's waywardness would be to make of him a priest, and so it was arranged. But Diego was also a musician and he was taught the



**Bamboo Organ, Las Piñas.**

art of making organs. In 1787 he became a regular priest, three years later a missionary to Mexico and then to the Philippines where he served the church as priest and organ

builder. The most interesting record of his skill stands ten miles south of Intramuros.

Las Piñas is far from the maddening crowd, and the old and roofless church looks harmless enough surrounded with its weeds and vines. The Filipino padre received me kindly but seemed unable to understand why I should care to see an organ so old as to be out of use, and built in such poverty that its pipes were made of bamboo. He concluded, however, that my form of lunacy was harmless, and with two muchachos took me to the gallery of the church. I must admit that I had been skeptical up to this moment. It could hardly be that so delicate and complicated an instrument as a pipe organ could be built of bamboo, but seeing was believing, for there it stood with its front about twelve feet wide, all of bamboo-speaking pipes, the largest being eight feet long and nearly five inches in diameter. The further I went with a careful examination the more the wonder grew. The horizontal reeds are made of soft metal, rolled very thick, but aside from these 122 pipes, every pipe in the organ is made of bamboo; and as there are 714

pipes the unique character of the old instrument may be imagined.



**Choir and Organ of San Agustin.**

The most surprising thing is to find an organ one hundred and nine years old with a five octave keyboard; Padre Diego was eighty years ahead of his age. He placed a full octave of pedal notes below his one manual which has an "F" scale, and the upper keys were originally covered with bone, but have been stripped long ago. There are twenty-two stops arranged in two vertical rows, the names being written on a strip beside the knobs instead of on their faces. I had no sooner seated myself at the keyboard than the two muchachos essayed to invoke the spirit of the eighteenth century genius by vigorously working the handle of the old bellows. The effort was well meant, but the result was ghostly enough for the most fastidious; the hoary old pipes began with one accord to weep and wail the dirge of their long dead master, and no howling dervish could have done better or worse. It has been some years since the last mass was played on the bamboo organ and the "cyphers" appear to have outvoted the rest of the box of whistles. The slides are stuck, and few of the stop knobs will draw. The action is a roller board



and is in good order yet. Crude as is the workmanship, it stands; and if the chests were as good as the action and pipes, it would be a good organ to-day. The interior of the organ is full of interest. It stands inside



**Oldest Organ in Manila, Recoletos Church.**

of and under one of the arches of the heavy wall of the nave, and is thus partially protected from the weather. Many of the pipes are full of dirt and now speechless, but most

of them are as good as the day they were finished back in the seventeen hundreds. The old bamboo is as hard as iron and where not injured by rough handling is only the better for its long seasoning. There is the inevitable "mixture" of five ranks on thirty notes in the treble organ, and it must have sounded like a score of hungry pigs when twenty of those squealing whistles were sounded in a (dis)chord.

Like most old organs there is very little bass, and none of greater length than six foot stopped, and of course there were no string tones. The two metal reeds afforded the only variety in the assortment of flutes of every size and pitch. The tones of single pipes taken out and sampled is surprisingly good, and one falls to wondering whether, after all, old Padre Diego did not hit upon something that might have been worth a little further development. Why not make organ pipes of bamboo? The wood is strong, perfectly tight and almost everlasting. Straight pipes of circular form could be selected, and with a little ingenuity there is no reason why a good stop should not be

made of the one universal commodity of the Orient. At any rate Diego Cera did it, and his work have lived after him these many years!

The records of the Order of Recoletos show that Diego built two of these bamboo organs at the same time, and that the other one was sent as a gift to the queen of Spain, who prized it highly, saying that there was none like it in Spain or England. In this her royal highness was certainly within the facts, and unless the twin in Spain is still "living," (as the Tagalogs say of a watch), this relic at Las Piñas is the only organ of its kind in all the world, and for the seeker after things unique and interesting, it stands well up near the head of the list of the *muy curioso*.

These old records describe our padre as "having a perfect knowledge of machinery, being able to play well the organs that he built; that he worked hard for his parishes and was much beloved by his people." His masterpiece still stands in the Recoletos church of Manila and may some time be repaired for further use.

Like "the harp that once through Tara's halls the soul of music shed," it now hangs mute on the high church walls, silent in its narrow side gallery on the right of the nave. Its keys are brown and broken, its stops have few names left to tell what was to be expected when they were drawn, and age and decay are written all over its old case. The big diapasons in front have crushed with their own weight till they stand mute and broken witnesses to the march of time. There is something pathetic about those drooping pipes. They are bowed in weeping that they can no longer sing to the glory of God; the organ is dead, and its soul has fled to join the spirits that help swell the music of the spheres. But there is both music and poetry in the silence of the old pipes and yellow keys, "the silent organ loudest chants the master's requiem."

In its original form the organ was a remarkable construction. It has always stood in its present position in the south gallery of the nave, but as first built there were a number of figures of angels scattered about the cornice of the church, each of them hold-

ing to its lips a trumpet. The trumpet pipes were connected with the main organ by tubes, and any or all of them could be sounded at the will of the player. The effect of the tones coming from all over the church is said to have been most striking. In fact it is claimed that the worshipers were so distracted by the unusual sounds from strange places that the use of the scattered trumpeters was after fifty years discontinued and the organ reduced to its present form and position.

The pipes are arranged in most peculiar fashion in groups scattered about the interior of the space ranged along the wall. The sixteen-foot pedal bourdon is reinforced by a set of wooden reed pipes of conical form, and way up above the chest is a box thick with pipes a foot long and less, like a veritable pandora's box of whistles.

Back of the player's seat and forming the front of the gallery is the great organ with its huge horizontal reeds. These reeds, as all the others in the organ, have no independent pipes for the foot, but are placed in rows stuck into holes bored in long pieces of wood. The case is cracked, the keys are broken and

the stop-knobs are nameless and yellow. There are some forty of these knobs and the organ contained about a thousand pipes when in good order.

What the tooth of time and the wear and tear of constant usage could not do was reserved for the Spanish soldiers in 1898 when they were quartered in the church during the siege. With profane hands they tore out the pipes, broke the keys and defaced the noble old organ so that it has never spoken since. The action is well made and might be easily rebuilt, but there is no hurry. The Order has filed a claim with the United States government for eight hundred pesos for damage done during the insurrection by Spanish soldiers. When this is paid the organ will be rebuilt, and then, the courteous guardian of the temple informed me they would send for me that I might know the pleasure of playing the organ with such a history. This I would count a rare treat, but under the above conditions I am not making any dates for the event.

After forty years of service in the Philippines, Fr. Diego died at the age of seventy-

two in the convent of San Sebastian, and there closes a picturesque and interesting life that is now all forgotten except for the name on the musty page and the organs that he built of narra and bamboo. If this tribute from an alien hand may make his memory live a few days longer, I shall be content to have honored a man for whom I confess a fellow feeling, for have not I too been smitten with the deadly fascination that has seized the descendants of Jubal even unto the present Time?

Did you ever see a bamboo band? If not your education has been neglected *mucho*: I used to try to feel duly impressed before an imaginary picture of the first shepherd boy standing before his first flock of sheep playing the first tune on his first pipe cut from the reed that grew by the river's brink. That was "when music, heavenly made, was young," and the picture was instructive, in its way, but here in the islands we have the whole evolution of the making of musical instruments right before our eyes; and perhaps to see a world in the making is as near as some of us will ever get to the heart of the universe.

The bamboo trumpets are better to look at than to listen to. I heard an orchestra of the improved cornstalk variety and the weird echoes of the tuba that had but two notes in its scale will not soon be forgotten.

The modern successors of the bamboo bands are the Filipino church bands that are found everywhere in the islands. Every



**Chapel at Guadalupe.**

large church has its band, and some of them play with much skill and excellent expression. The music is nearly always marked by the wild rhythm of those who play by ear, and every man of the company might be in a trance so far as results are concerned. These bands will play for hours without a



note of music before them and with very few changes of tune. Some of the music played in the church processions is singularly beautiful in its way, rising and falling with utter abandon to the swing of the melody, and with pleasing absence of the squeak and blare of the circus band. So susceptible are these people to music that it would be evidently impossible for any man to get out of time or to fail to merge himself in the ensemble of the band. The Christmas music of these bands is familiar to every one who has lived a year in the city, and the early morning hours are oft and again broken by the wild and plaintive marches that come and go like echoes borne on fitful winds. It is such music as this that "soothes the savage breast, softens rocks" and might on occasion bend a knotted guijo tree.

The Filipinos are naturally a musical people and they owe most of their training to the church. The native bands are church bands, and the choruses are church choirs. That the church has not gone a step further and taught the people to sing hymns seems a great pity, for they sing well, and the chant



of three thousand people in the cathedral would be an impressive act of worship.

All the larger churches have boy choirs that sing the masses very effectively, though usually in metallic voice. The cathedral, Santo Domingo and St. Ignatius have choirs counted among the best, and the echoing chants are certainly effective. The system of teaching these boys is an interesting process to behold. In the cathedral the maestro stands at the head of the choir which is seated on the main floor and fills all the pews of the center aisle. At the end of each seat a sub-leader stands with music and stick, and it is needless to add that both the effort and the order leave little to be desired.



Ruined

To one who has never heard it before the chanting of the priests from the high galleries affords a sensation never to be forgotten. Whether such voices were foreordained for the use of the church or whether they have been developed by long practice is not evident, but certain it is that the resounding roll of basso profundo that wakes up the last shrinking echo from its hidden corner is worth going a long way to hear. Rich and resonant as a trumpet, and musical as a bass viol, these voices fill the vaults like full organ harmony. In the Recoletos and Franciscan churches these "solos" may be heard at three or four o'clock nearly every



afternoon, and it is well to step in and listen for the sake of a memory that may some time refresh you.

It is still true as in the days of Pope that "some to the church repair, not for the doctrine but the music there," and for such the center of interest is ever the choir gallery. The choir lofts of Manila churches are treasure houses for the antiquarian. They are musty with romance, hoary with antiquity, abounding in relics of ages dead and mellow with memories of the melodies of singers "who have gone before to that unknown and silent shore."

The curious visitor, who may belong to that annoying class that always wants to see the works and find what makes the wheels go round, should get a pass for the gallery and view the mass from above. If the floor is thronged, the sight of the kneeling multitudes, the robed priests, the lighted candles, the decorated altar and the rising incense are most impressive. High mass in the Christmas season should be seen from the organ loft to be fully appreciated.

In Manila there is material for a fascinating study of the history of organ building. The extremes of the first rude octave of wooden whistles and the last finished product of human skill are both absent, but most of the intermediate stages are represented.

The peculiar interest about Manila organs arises from the fact that the Philippines are so far from the European centers of musical culture that the organs here have been untouched by the multitude of modern improvements. Most of the old organs of England and Europe have been rebuilt once or twice, but the old organs of Manila stand as when first installed, plus the increment of age and use. That no really modern organ exists here is of little moment: these may be found





**A View of the Escolta in the Early Days of American Occupation**

anywhere, but these crumbling relics are in Manila.

The guardians of each church are liberal in their praises of their particular organ, as is natural. Perhaps the best organ in the city is the one in Santo Domingo. It contains a fine "double open diapason" on the pedals with the longest pipe reaching up eighteen feet above the floor. Like all the old organs it is rich in reeds and the full organ is something terrifying in the empty church. The European plan of placing the heavy reeds in a horizontal row just above the player's head has the advantage of getting the most noise out of a given number of pipes, but it must be a boiler-factory experience for the organist. The organ referred to contains some dozen stops on each manual and has three or four "mixtures." Rough as the effect may be, when the full organ is used as support for forte passages with full choir, the result is impressive and has a tonal dignity that can not be disregarded. What such effects must be upon the native worshiper, with his susceptibility to impressions alike





**Legaspi-Urdaneta Monument on  
the Luneta, Manila.**

of sights and sound, may be better imagined than described.

One of the finest bits of work in the city is the old lecturn in the choir of the Augustinian church. It is of solid ebony carved elaborately with figures of cupids and scroll work. The organ of this church is about fifty years old and is still in use. The second row of keys

is placed below the first and contains three and one-half octaves of very short and narrow keys which seem to be trying to hide out of sight of their big brothers overhead. The bellows' top rises four feet when full, which allows the muchacho to take naps between turns at the wheel.

The Santa Cruz Church contains an organ that was the pride of Manila in its day. The console is detached from the organ and reversed, facing the altar, and furnishing the only example of its kind in the city. But this console is a curio in its way. The keys are of all heights and sizes and are brown or black with age.

Many of the "ivories" are missing, and the "dip" or distance the key may be pushed down, varies from nothing up to an inch or so. The pedals are something for an organist to never forget. They are simply pegs pushed up through the floor and capable of being played only in the most elemental fashion. For that matter, the pedal keyboard of the organ in the cathedral is of the same sort, which makes one smile at the statement that this is the most modern organ in the city.

Any one versed in the history of the organ builder's art can trace the age of the different organs about the city by the devices of construction found that are sure tell-tales of the times at which they were built. The old cathedral organ has a form of bellows

that went out of general use about 1860, but somehow crept into the organ that was sent over here. The pumping device employed at Santo Domingo is much older than the organ. Instead of a handle or a crank to turn, the muchacho steps upon two treadles which he works by shifting his weight from one to the other, not a bad mechanism.

Some of the cases are interesting as works of art and most of them are made of native woods. The Augustinian organ has a carved case of molave that is beautiful in its design and execution and rich in its general effect. The front pipes are nearly always plain.

In tone, some of these old organs are a surprise. In an old gallery, I found the maestro, who proved friendly, and at the risk of damaging the truth and as well as murdering the Spanish tongue, I told him that I was also a maestro, and then he did what I was waiting for, he asked me to play. The old organ was far better than its appearance and age would indicate. The flutes were smooth and mellow and had that liquid quality that forms the charm of a good flute

everywhere. The ætion was good, for a tracker, and the full organ echoed through the church in true cathedral fashion.

The organists of Manila are a various lot. A Tagalog boy plays one of the largest organs, and a grizzled old Spaniard knits his shaggy brows over another. In every convent there are priests who are good players and know many masses by heart.

The choir lofts are full of interest. The dusty colored glass, the cobwebs in the corners,



the changing shadows, the carved lecturns and seat, and the great massive chant books with their square-inch-big notes on staves six inches wide, printed by hand on pages of rawhide three feet square, are curios well worth hunting for. The initial lettering is both unique and beautiful, gold, blue, and red being the usual colors. Some of these old books are so worn with age as to be out of use, but as venerable relics they deserve a place in the archives.

The names of those who put so much labor and pains into these furnishings will never be known, for here it is true, that "who builds a church to God and not to fame, will never mark the marble with his name."

But the evening comes with "setting sun and music at its close." Whether we stand within some broken walled relic of past glory and listen to the silent chant from "bare ruined choir, where late the sweet birds sang," or linger in the shadow aisles listening to the responses in the gathering gloom, there comes the assurance that "architecture is frozen music," and while the fra-

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grant shadows lengthen, the night is again filled with music while the infesting cares once more vanish with the dying day. As the visitor leaves he looks up at the high buttresses, the embattled towers, the uplifted crosses, and feels that beneath the jarring outside of life there is harmony, for song and soul are twins of heavenly parentage.



**Ruined Stairway, Guadalupe.**

## CHAPTER IX.

### Convent Curios.

THE convents of Manila present bare and uninteresting exteriors and in a way represent the life of their inmates. In the twentieth century they show the ideals and habits of the seventeenth, and most travelers pass them by with little thought other than that a lot of valuable property is being used with little returns.

Such an estimate disregards the historical value of the old buildings and their contents, and they may after all serve a purpose in the cultivation of that keen appreciation of historical values that comes only after personal contact with the spirit and products of the past.

The study of sixteenth century monasticism from books may be profitable, but to visit sixteenth century institutions in actual operation is an invaluable introduction to the literature of the age of the Renaissance. The convents of Manila represent the architecture of three hundred years ago, they contain



the books, the paintings, the bells, the furniture, the mode of dress and the habits of life of an age that was in full vigor when Columbus discovered America, and that has elsewhere given place to the modern motives of life and thought. To drop back into the



**Recreation Hall, San Agustin.**

past and find it living and maintaining its daily succession of duties prescribed five hundred years ago is an experience not to be neglected, and worth coming some distance to find.

A little monastery life would be an excellent antidote for some of the ills peculiar to the twentieth century. No feverish unrest penetrates those six foot earthquake-proof walls of stone and mortar. No nervous prostration is written on the faces of those robed and gowned padres who complacently look out from the upper *ventanas* of sunset.

Some shrewd medico will sometime recommend convent life for a new form of rest cure, and then we will all spend our vacations going about with bare feet and white robes, which is perhaps as near to an angelic appearance as some of us may hope to come. If we could lengthen our belts to match those of the padres, we might be compensated in part however.

The individual padre is hard to segregate from the whole. He wears the face of a graven image and seems as imperturbable as the Rocky mountains, but he is really a very peaceful and placid sort of man who is well fed and good natured and gives the visitor the impression of having left his religion where he maintains that it belongs—in the church. In every convent in Manila I have



found men who were courteous and went to no end of personal trouble to tell me what I wanted to know and show me what I wanted to see; provided, of course, it were on the list of things seeable and tellable. For there's the rub! The paintings, the cloisters, the bells, the books, the carved furniture, the organs and the altars, these are full of interest and beauty, and they are to be seen for the trouble of asking, but back of the temporal things that are seen are the unseen things of the inner life and spirit of the Church and the Order, which is the permanent force and hidden power of the whole institution; and this the visitor does not see, nor ever will be shown.

The first impression of a visit to one of these convents is that of surprise and pleasure



at the beauty of the inner cloisters and courts as contrasted with the sombre exteriors. The monastery life is turned inward and the houses were built to shut out the world. The rumble of traffic and the strife of the street never penetrate these shaded paths by the quiet fountains, and if houses made with hands could be so built as to shelter their pilgrims with peace, these great walls should serve their purpose well.

The inner cloisters are much alike. Some are wider and some are higher and some are cleaner, but all have the Roman arch, all give the fine perspective of retreating colonades, and all are hung with old paintings of saints and martyrs.

The paintings are a various lot. The oldest of them are almost completely obli-



**Stairway in Recoletos Convent.**

terated by the scars of time, the tropical heat and moisture being exceedingly destructive of pigment and canvas. Colors are faded to an indistinguishable brown and as for dates, there are none. No inmate knows how old they are, and, in fact, none ever thought to inquire. Sufficient unto the day is the statement that they represent the great souls which have served the Order. Some of the subjects are not good to look upon just before bedtime, though that would probably make no difference to a nerveless monk with his two hundred and seventy-five pounds of avoirdupois, but before these halls are turned into rest cures some of the paintings will have to be turned to the wall. The sight of twenty martyrs crucified in a row impaled upon a stake, or of a bishop with his head half cut off, smiling down on the streaming blood, is bad for the nerves. One might get used to it in time, and time itself is rapidly covering these horrors from the eyes of men. Nearly all the paintings are portraits of Church officials, or scenes of persecution, and are representations of events associated with the history of the Order to which they belong.

There are some stairways that are worth seeing. In the convent of the Recoletos is a fine old stairway with granite steps, and carved pillars, unique and interesting as the work of three hundred years ago. The great broad steps with their gentle rise and solid construction underneath have a strength and permanency that is unsurpassed by modern buildings, having the polish of marble and the glitter of gold.

The Augustinian convent is by far the most expensive and complete of any in the city, or perhaps, in the islands. Behind a most barren exterior is a group of magnificent buildings containing rooms and quarters for hundreds of monks, and inner courts beautiful with verdure and so far from the streets that perfect quiet is unbroken by any noise from the world. The great stairway is the finest in the city, and surmounted by a high dome built of hewn stone and giving a delightful effect of space and coolness. The cloisters are broad and roomy and a sense of great comfort pervades the whole pile of buildings. The refectory is a fine old hall with room for a hundred and fifty seats at the great tables,

and with its raised dais and life size crucifix takes the visitor back to the days of yore with that suddenness and completeness which makes such an experience so refreshing.

The old padres are no believers in all work for Jack or for the priest, and every convent contains its big recreation hall on the upper floor of the building with plenty of ventilation and a fine outlook above the city. One of these halls is a hundred and fifty feet long and with its naked beams and its aged inmates puzzling over a game of chess with knitted brows and pipes in hand, would furnish a subject for the brush of a Rubens or a Titian. Some artist will yet immortalize himself and his subjects by putting on canvas the life of these old halls and their picturesque occupants.

A good story might be found in almost any of these places if the bells could speak that which they have seen, and therefore should know, but while bells are talkative enough, they have discreet tongues and tell no tales except those they are bidden by their lords and masters. Now bells are doubtful members of the family of music



makers, and Manila bells, as they are hung and rung, have little claim to anything except discord and crashing noise. Cowper sang of the soft music of village bells that fell at intervals on the ear in cadence sweet, but evidently he had never been in Manila at six o'clock p. m. There are half a dozen really fine bells in the city but they are never heard to advantage, because of the impertinent raps and



**Library of Santo Domingo.**

clatter of the small fry that clang simultaneously and incessantly whenever their elders essay to speak. The largest bell is in the tower of Santo Domingo, and, being too big to swing, is rung with a hammer. If properly struck its tone is rich and full, but is rarely heard.

For the uninitiated and one unfamiliar with the Spanish tongue, the way of the explorer is hard. Inquiry at the door of the convent is met with bows and smiles; but without the linguistic key very little information is gained. Once the purpose of the visitor is understood there is no difficulty in getting access to the halls and a little friendly interest has opened the heart of many a custodian of the treasures which to him seemed of little value. Some of the Orders have a priest or two with a fair knowledge of English, and when these men are found the way is easy.

The most interesting feature of all the convents is their libraries. These are most rigorously guarded and vary in size and scope, but all contain much material.

The value of this material depends upon the purpose for which it is sought. In every-

thing that is modern, they are almost wholly lacking, but one does not come to the Philippines to find modern libraries. Much of the material is worth little from an historical or a literary standpoint, as the gist of the records has been extracted and republished in modern form, and the purely ecclesiastical works are of little value to-day.

But these libraries abound in high interest for the antiquarian and if they were more accessible any one with a reading knowledge of Spanish might discover some materials of great historical value. The "Bullarios" or bull of the popes, for instance, are all accessible in modern printed form but here are the old editions of these works as they were first printed and the leather and paper and ink marked with the year 1551 have an interest all their own.

The materials of which these old books with their curious letters and yellow pages were made quite put to shame the paper and ink of modern manufacture. The paper of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries is so fine and strong that it may well last for a thousand years yet. Some of the old vol-

umes are printed in two colors, and show a painstaking care that has been rewarded by results that are still strong after three hundred and fifty years of time. Many of these older volumes have been rebound, the original backs and some of the pages having been eaten through by the annae. The new bindings, and practically all bindings now extant, are of the indestructible *pergamino* or raw-hide, that is proof against ants, moths, rust and rough handling, and seems the ordained article for this climate.

Nothing is more surprising than the excellence of the work that was done tediously from wooden types upon old hand screw presses at great expense of muscle and time.

Some of these old volumes are so rare as to bring the visitor under a mighty temptation to break the tenth commandment and look with covetous eyes upon the treasures. If now—but what's the use! If they were for sale they would not be here, and if they were not here they would be very high priced, and if they were high priced they would be manufactured to order—with any date that the fancy of the maker or the cupidity of

the buyer might suggest. If we are to have the genuine thing we have to pay the price of finding it at original sources and look with guarded eyes upon relics, any one of which would be a prized treasure in an American library.

The range of languages found is not wide. The Franciscan library has little except Latin and Spanish, with a very few books in English and a half dozen in Greek. The Augustinian library contains a longer list, representing Hebrew, Greek, Chinese, Japanese, German, French, Spanish, English, Portuguese, Italian, and many of the leading Malay dialects, including all the principal languages of the Philippines.

The subjects are much the same in all these libraries. The works of the fathers are of course well represented. The Franciscan shelves are divided into twenty classes alphabetically distinguished, and the departments include apologetics, history, exposition, dogmatics, theology, mysteries, ecclesiastical *predicables*, philosophy, medicine, mathematics, geography, civil law and the complete history of the Order of St. Francis.

There are about twelve thousand volumes on these shelves. The library of the Recoletos contains about nine thousand volumes; that of the Augustinians eleven thousand, and the Dominicans have eighteen thousand. Most of the collections contain several copies of the celebrated "Flora de Filipinas" by Fr. Blanco and his co-laborers. This work is in six volumes and an index and is a remarkable piece of scientific research. The best edition contains two volumes of colored plates of the flora of the archipelago, and the press work, done in Barcelona, is of the best.

It is surprising that there are not more works purely Philippine, but the monks were no exception to the rule that no time nor place seems great while passing, and there is sufficient data for extensive historical research, if it were available.

It is very evident that these libraries are little used by those for whom they exist, and to whom alone they are accessible. The printed pages are all of the past, and there is little that would be an aid to any purpose other than that of research. Of the real value of the books it is not strange that the

guardians have little idea; their education has not been of the sort that appreciates other than ecclesiastical value. On the wall of one of these book rooms hangs a framed proclamation in the name of the "Sancta Papa" announcing that the pain of ex-communication will be pronounced on any member of the Order who allows any other than a priest of that Order to make use of the books of the library. In this same place, however, I was shown every courtesy and treated with the greatest of kindness.

The whole air of these libraries is that of a museum rather than an intellectual workshop. Most of them are closed except at certain stated hours and there is little evidence that they are used even then.

When I first asked to be allowed to see one of the archives, I was informed that even the padres themselves were allowed to use the books only under certain closely guarded conditions; and for an outsider it would be impossible. This last, however, I afterwards found to be a mistake.

The furniture of most of the libraries is very plain, the empty shelves of part of the

reading room of the Recoletos bearing witness to the fact that in the troublous times of



**Convent Garden of Santo Domingo.**



the insurrection many books were sent for safe keeping to Spain.

In one place there hung a large map of the islands, and the padre, who was superior of the Order, showed me a small island four days from Manila, where he had spent six long years as parish priest. The little mountain in the sea contained two thousand souls, every one of whom, he said, was his friend. Into the little harbor the old Spanish steamer came once in six months, if the weather were favorable; if not they could wait six months more. The people lived on rice, camotes, bananas, chickens and eggs and other natural products; and it was all very cheap. As the old man described his six years' exile, his face lighted, he became excited, and with a fervor that was eloquence itself, he told of the toils and hardships of his ministry. The birds there were beautiful, the trees and the mountains and the bays were all *muy bonitos*. There was good hunting, and fishing, and food was very plentiful. It was all beautiful, and when I asked him how he would like to go back there to live he emphatically declared that nothing would



**Arches at Guadalupe.**

suit him better. When I came away he assured me of his everlasting friendship and invited me to call often.

The convents are interesting and the padres are picturesque to look at, but after much time spent in seeing things the visitor at last leaves with a feeling that he has seen only the outer shell of a something that he can never fathom from the outside nor understand by sightseeing methods. The mills of the great Church grind slow, and they grind some strange grists, which is no concern of this book.



## CHAPTER X.

### River Life.

**W**ATER life gives Manila some claims to the title of "Oriental Venice." The general level of her streets is but a few feet above water, and should some earthquake lower the plain ten feet, or some tidal wave raise the water in the bay, there would be a permanent or temporary reproduction of conditions in the famous Italian city.

When the big flood of July, 1904, occurred, this very thing did happen and men went everywhere about the streets in *bancas* carrying passengers for any fare they might be able to collect.



There is, however, plenty of material for Venetian scenery without waiting for a flood or an earthquake, and the traveler has not far to go to find bits of water and landscape that make the soul of the artist stop to gaze and rejoice that he is in Manila. Some of the *estero* windings with *zacate*-laden *bancas* and brown-limbed boatmen are thoroughly Oriental and characteristic of the leisurely life of the tropics.



**Enjoying Themselves.**

There are five divisions of river life: the shipping behind the breakwater belongs to the deep sea; the lower Pasig harbors the inter-island merchant marine; the Pasig above the bridge of Spain is the terminus and gen-

eral rendezvous of the lake traffic; the large canals and *esteros* of Quiapo, Binondo, and Tondo float a large burden of provincial freight and the smaller *esteros* serve as distributors of produce and building material all over the city.

Any map of Manila shows a network of these canals that reaches nearly every part of the city. So obvious was the usefulness of these waterways in the days of primitive methods of transportation, that they were used for nearly every class of freight, and often passengers were wont to travel about the city in slender *bancas* propelled by the *banquero* who was as much a part of the household force as the *cochero*. So much were the *esteros* used that a Spanish royal decree was passed, and is yet in force, by which no building is allowed within ten feet of the bank of an *estero*.

Manila's bridges have a history all their own. The mother of them all is of course the old *Puente de España* that crosses the Pasig below the post office. The original bridge at this point was built of pontoons some time between the years 1590 and 1600.

It was first known as the "bridge of boats," and later the "*punte grande*." During the rule of Governor Niño de Tabora, about 1630, this structure was replaced by a solid stone bridge which has stood until the present time. The old bridge has been extensively



On the River.

repaired several times after various big earthquakes, notably those of 1824 and 1863. Twice since the American occupation it has been widened to accommodate larger traffic, and now the electric trolley chases the *carabao* carts across the oldest bridge in the islands.

This bridge is the only structure in the Philippines standing in good repair that is entitled to rank with Fort Santiago in point of age and long usefulness, and the church of San Agustin.

Before the new Santa Cruz bridge was built the congestion of traffic on the lower bridge was at times formidable. The line of *carromatas* used to extend away back down Bagumbayan drive and people sometimes had to wait an hour for a chance to cross. The *cochero* of former days had a habit of driving from the bridge down to the Escolta at full speed, on the principle that it was a dangerous place and the sooner through it the better. This led to so many accidents that an ordinance was passed prohibiting any one from leaving the north end of the bridge except by the road down the bank of the river to Calle Rosario.

The *estero* bridges are nearly all of stone, built in solid arches, and most of them are of long standing. As a rule they take their names from the streets on which they are situated, but the larger ones are named in honor of some saint or celebrity. The bridge



at the end of the Santa Mesa car line, known as the San Juan bridge, is famous because it was here that the first gun of the insurrection against the United States was fired on the fourth of February, 1899. The situation had been getting rapidly worse, and at ten o'clock that night a drunken insurgent officer drew the fire of an American sentry. Immediately the insurgents fired a volley upon the American picket line and the battle of San Juan bridge was on. The old bridge stands unharmed by its exciting history, its three strong arches bidding fair to span the stream for many years to come.

The river population of Manila is a class by itself. Over fifteen thousand people live on the *cascos* and *lorchas* that ply the waters of the river and its tributaries, all within the city limits. Thousands of children are born, grow, live and die on these floating cargo carriers, and never dream of any other world than that which floats about them and is towed or poled from place to place.

The interiors of these house boats might not suit an American millionaire as a pleasure yacht, but they serve their "day and

generation" well, and what more is required? Like all seafaring aristocracy, these water dwellers have their quarters well aft, and the living apartments of the family are usually in the last section of the boat. A fire pot, a slat platform, a rice kettle and two roosters furnish the entire equipment for most of these floating habitations.

The cabins consist of a bamboo slat bed, and the saloon suite is furnished with the long handle of the immense rudder by which



**Very Busy.**

the unwieldy craft is steered, more or less, in its clumsy wanderings. Just why the children do not fall overboard and drown is not explained, unless it be that Providence has a special detail on duty for those who utterly fail to take care of themselves. The manner of constructing these vessels is a mystery to the uninitiated, as they show no ribs nor frame work of any sort, but are constructed of heavy planks put together with large iron staples and bolts, the final result being the equivalent of a big dug-out, made up of a very much inlaid giant log.

The motive power of these craft depends on the location in which they are found. All bay traffic is towed by launches, and the lake business is managed by towing the *cascos* back and forth in handfuls, four tows at once being the legal limit, which is sometimes exceeded. Above the bridge of Spain nearly all the river freight, and all of the *estero* cargos are moved in the old fashioned way. Bamboo platforms are built just above the water line on both sides of all *cascos* for their entire length, and the human motor walks to the bow, runs the spike end of his bamboo pole

down into the mud, and then with the other end against his shoulder, takes the position of a big spider and crawls back his narrow beat to the stern of the boat. It is surprising what a load two men can pole up stream in this fashion if given time enough; and time is the heavy asset of those who live the river life.

The largest contributions to the mud of the *esteros* are made by the wallowing *carabao*. The sight of twenty black noses raised just enough above the surface to breathe, is suggestive of silurian monsters, and when the Oriental buffaloes drag their shining bodies out of the water it is left about the consistency of brown paint. I have always had an admiration for the *carabao*. He is ungainly, but his very ugliness is so openly and frankly hideous that there is something fetching about it after all. Then the *carabao* is a philosopher. He has solved the problem of living in the tropics. "High sassiety" and nervous prostration have no terrors for him. He is not very *bonito* to look at, but when he moves, the world moves with him.

The *banca* is not a very luxurious substitute for the gondola. It is narrow and shallow, and, when covered, leaves sitting room only for the cramped-up passenger. The *banquero* is expert enough with his paddle, and sends the hollow log along at a good rate, but the water is dirty and the banks are dirty, and the traveler soon feels dirty himself. The uninterrupted view of everybody's backyard is not inspiring, and the tanned gondolier's demands for more pay take the romance out of the whole thing. It's too much like days when the public *cochero* ruled the city with high-handed scorn and utter indifference to the rights or wishes of the public.

Leave the *esteros* to the *carabao*. They look alike, they smell alike, they move alike; surely they were made for each other, and what the mud hath joined together let no man put asunder.

There are times, though, when the sight of the sub-marine quadruped stirs a kindred feeling in any-one who has not so far degenerated as to entirely lose his primeval instincts. He looks so comfortable; no stock exchange disturbs his stock repose. The market is

as nothing beside his muck. The balance of trade and independence and bridge whist are all on the planet Neptune for all he knows or cares. Talk about life's last gift of utter soul satisfaction! Go to the *carabao*, thou careworn devotee of the strenuous life and learn to live in comfort!

"I want to be a carabao, and with the carabaos waller,  
A soaking up the estero mud, the simple life to foller."

But comparisons are odious and I spare the reader further infliction of personal preferences.

One of the really delightful experiences that many people have never discovered is that of a trip up the Pasig at sunset. We took the car to Santa Ana and at five-thirty stood by the river and were besieged by a dozen vociferous *banqueros*, who contended for the distinguished honor of carrying our lunch basket to the landing. The *bancas* all looked alike, but there must be the preliminary diplomatic stunts as to distance and price. Tagalog, English, and bad Spanish were mixed in a verbal storm for five minutes and then we were aboard and off for Fort McKinley.

The river winds between banks lined with native villages and is a pretty sight. At San Pedro Macati an old Spanish residence stands facing the water, with great stone steps leading down to the landing. Old pottery kilns and a glass factory, used as blockhouses in insurrection days, stand on the west bank, and tile, Guadalupe stone, and native produce line the banks.

Meanwhile the *banquero* is industriously using his pole. He keeps close to the west bank on the way up. The water is shallower on that side and the current slower. In deep places, the paddle is used, but the pole seems to afford the most travel for the least effort, and the pole's the thing.

There are more kinds of scenery along the bank than grow on trees. The *carabao* line the water's edge like great bumpers to keep us from the bank, but who begrudges the beast his hard-earned hour of luxury when his day's work is done? At least he takes his wallow in a far cleaner manner than some human beasts.

If anyone doubts the statement that the Filipinos are great bathers let him take this

evening trip on the Pasig. He may easily count a hundred or more people using the great bath tub that flows by their doors, and the bathing costume is simplicity itself.



**Casco.**

It grows dark before the landing is reached, and from the *cascos* tied by the river side comes the sound of revelry by night. A bamboo orchestra is practicing a symphony after Beethoven (some time after) and the sounds wheeze and boom across the water



like some monster in distress. The bass bazoo, or whatever it might be called, had but two tones in its voice, and when it was not busy sounding one of them it bellowed on the other. There was some sort of a fiddle, the one with the cat in it, I think, that played the other parts, and natives were hopping about on the floor of the empty *casco* enjoying a fancy dress ball given on board their private yacht. The affair was strictly full dress, in fact it outshone the most daring costumes of the fashionable butterfly, for the Filipina belle was not only *decolletée*, half way to her waist, but her ball dress was as short at one end as the other. So far as I could see her feet looked as well as her shoulders and what's the difference anyway? The *carabao* now, but let's drop that long suffering beast.

Fort McKinley landing at last! We crawl out of the crowded quarters, painfully straighten our cramped joints, pay the agreed price and start for the barracks. But halt! The boatman has somewhat to say. What? "*Un peso para chow?*" Did you ever: I had paid twice the regular fee and now

another *peso*. No sir! *Adios, Señor banquero*. May you live long and happily, and may your evening hours be as placid as the peaceful *carabao*.

The launch life of Manila is a world of its own. Over five hundred steam launches



ply the waters of the bay and river, and they vary in size from the foot toy to the lake steamers. All of them are provided with whistles of enormous size and they blow them as much of the time as they can keep steam in the boilers. The consequent din

along the lower river is enough to break the nerves of any except the natives who are nerveless.

The lake traffic is a considerable factor in the business life of Manila produce market. Thirty steamers make more or less regular trips to the lake ports which are the only outlets of a very rich country from which come cocoanuts and sugar and hemp and bananas and oranges and all sorts of native fruits and vegetables and fowls. The number of people that can be crowded onto one of these flat steamers is surprising. With the



Filipino it is not a case of "room for one more," for a dozen or two can always be put in after all is full. It may disturb a gamble or a cock-fight, but only in extreme cases.

If not viewed too closely, there is, after all, much that is picturesque about the Venetian phase of Manila life. The Binondo canal viewed from the San Fernando bridge is a picture of life and interest. Some striking bits of scenery are found here and there made up of canal, *casco* and native boatman with some church dome in the background. When the day is done and the evening shadows



**Pasig.**

fall, the sharp outlines soften and one forgets the muddy water, the dirty banks and the wallowing *carabao* and over it all falls the spell of the Orient and the quaint and curious scenes of the water streets of old Manila.

## CHAPTER XI.

### Filipino Industries.

**I**T is generally supposed that there are no factories in Manila and that the Filipinos are not a manufacturing people. This is partly true, but there are some things made here, and the aptness with which the Filipino learns anything that can be done by a set of automatic motions makes him a good factory operative. The native can set himself going and wander away to visions of cock-fights and serenades, and when he gets back he will still be doing the thing that he has learned to do. He will be doing it very slowly to be sure, and probably he will have ceased to move at all, but he only needs to be given a push to set the motions in operation again.

While the Filipino has no wish to find out anything for himself, he has the next best thing, the ability to learn when he is taught; and for factory purposes this does very well. The man who is so original that he can always do better than the boss has his drawbacks.



**Real Quinta Market, Manila.**

Outside the city of Manila there are no factories, all manufactures being conducted on the cottage plan—home industry, in fact. This has been followed ever since the discovery of the islands. For three hundred years, there have been no changes in the Filipino way of doing things. When the islands were discovered, the houses were built in about the same way as now, and of the same materials. *Lorchas*, *cascos*, *bancas* and bamboo rafts were made as at the present. There has been no change in the methods of making fish nets nor catching fish. Cloth was woven then on rude hand looms, made just like those found in use to-day all over the islands. There was the same simple equipment of household utensils, and the primitive agriculture was not essentially different from the way of doing now in vogue.

In the seventeenth century the Filipinos were known throughout the East as being unusually skilful in the spinning and weaving of cotton and other fibers; they were known as skilful builders of large ships, of which the big *cascos* of to-day are probably exact copies.



The Spaniards did practically nothing to develop manufacturing industries, and beyo'nd the conversion of a few leading



**Filipina Girl Making Hats.**

products into commercial form, practically nothing was done to stimulate industrial development. Tomas de Comyn, writing in

1810 (quoted in the census), gives a list of thirty-two manufactures with many sub-classes, including plows, cotton cloth, gold chains, tortoise shell boxes, furniture, calicos, hats, mats, lace, veils and cordage. With very few additions or changes, this list represents the manufactures of the islands to-day.

Cloth making is the principal household industry of the Filipinos and in its present form antedates history. The slow, laborious, clumsy methods of the year 1500 are still in use everywhere. These will be outgrown before many years, and the machines now in common use will disappear. The ancient spinning wheels of our forefathers bring high prices as relics now-a-day, but the time will come when the *jusi* and *piña* looms now in use will bring good prices as great curiosities left over from a prehistoric age. Here's a chance for some enterprising speculator to get up a corner in old Filipino looms.

The extent of this industry may be inferred from the fact that, a few years ago, five thousand of these Filipina housewives wove over a million *pesos* worth of cloth.

The provinces of Ilocos Norte, Ilocos Sur, Albay, Camarines, Antique, Iloilo, La Union, Rizal, Sorsogon and Tayabas produce the greater part of these weaves. There is one modern cotton mill in Manila, but the interest of the visitor gathers about the native product.

As to the merits of *jusi* and *piña* and *sinamay* I will leave to some good woman the pleasure of discussing things which are on the outside of a man's universe. A man who can intelligently discuss lingerie and chiffon is usually not much good for anything else.


The only patterns possible on the native looms are square plaids and stripes, and all other designs must be worked in by hand embroidery. Beautiful patterns are thus achieved with what must be immense pains and labor and the wages earned for such work must be infinitesimal.

Split bamboo is woven into many articles of value and ornament. Mats, rugs, carpets, saddles, baskets, furniture, and the ever present *suale* matting are made with much neatness and some artistic pretensions,

and as a shuttle can not be used with the unwieldy material, the weaving must all be done by hand. The leaves of the banana and other plants are woven into mats, *petates*, rugs, bags, and package coverings which are cheap and plentiful.

As might be expected in a hot country, the Filipino knows how to make a hat. He makes it of palm leaves and *abaca* and banana and *bejuco*; of *pandan*, split bamboo, *buri*, and other grass fibers, and he has an idea of design. Some of these native hats are decidedly ornamental, and are often taken home as curios. Some are as large as an umbrella, some are decorated, some are colored; all protection from the sun. In the provinces of Bulacan, Pangasinan, and Tayabas, very light handsome hats are woven from fine fibered grasses. The "Baliuag" hats are of fine workmanship, being made of double thickness, and some in fanciful designs with stripes of dyed straws of different colors. Such hats are usually sold by vendors on the streets and may be bought very cheaply in the provinces where they are made.

To any one who has never seen a primitive rope walk, a trip to the west end of Calle Azcarraga is worth while. The population seems to be enjoying a picnic by making rope, and while the process is crude enough, considerable skill is evidenced by the natives who have done little else for years. Wooden reels are revolved on canes set at an angle of forty-five degrees in the ground. The operator ties the end of a bunch of hemp to the reel and backing off begins to revolve the reel by a rhythmical series of jerks at the string. This twists the hemp and as the rope maker backs away, his helper hands him fresh supplies of hemp which are dexterously twisted into the main strand. This is continued until the yarn become so long that it is difficult to whirl the reel. The yarn is then wound up on the reel, and the process is repeated till the reel is full. Six of these strands are then attached to a simple device that revolves them all together, twisting each pair into a double strand and the resulting three into the completed rope. It is easy enough to watch someone else do it, but might be more difficult for the novice.



The sight of a native sawmill is enough to make one's back ache. The log is hewn smooth and square and shows evidences of enough labor to make it into lumber before it reaches the men who are to cut it up into lumbers. And when it does the method of making it into boards is simplicity itself. The Filipinos take the old fashioned plan of hoisting one end of the log into the air, and putting one man on top and one below the log. The Chinos drag the saw horizontally, following a chalk line on the side of the log. The lumber made in this way is surprisingly uniform and straight, and, strange to say, is no more expensive than that gotten out by modern steam sawmills. Muscle is cheaper than machinery, but the product is exceedingly limited.

The only approach to real factory conditions is found in the big tobacco factories. There men and women and children are gathered by the thousand working up the raw products into tobacco and cigars and cigarettes for home use or export, and the processes have been reduced to an exact science. The best modern machines are in

use in some of these big factories, and many thousands of Filipinos are supported by this industry alone.

The making of tobacco boxes and the printing of the lithographed labels are separate industries, and some very modern printing establishments turn out some very artistic embossed and color work.

The making of *nipa* houses is an industry by itself. From the gathering of the *nipa* and sewing it into shingles to the tying of the last knot in the *bejuco* that finishes a house that is made without a single foot of lumber or a nail, or a pound of hardware, or a drop of paint or plaster or plumbing or stone, or brick or tile, the operation is one that would keep an American carpenter guessing for some before he solved the mysteries of its construction, provided he did not have a pattern. Yet the *nipa* house will stand earthquakes and storms and heat and is picturesque and cheap besides.

It has earned its place as the longest-used structure and house best adapted to the climatic conditions of the islands.



**The historical San Juan bridge where Aguinaldo's forces fired the first shot against the American troops.**



The manufacture of *bolos* is of little interest outside of Mindanao, where some remarkable work is executed by the Moros. The samples that are brought up by travelers are marvels in their way, but already the wily Moros have learned the white man's cupidity and are making *bolos* to sell at prices to match the victim's purse, and for a few *pesos* more with nice bloody stories to order. "This one killed a crazy chief, and this one hanging over here, *Señor*, in the carved scabbard, belonged to a fanatic who went *Juramentado* and killed a whole regiment of American soldiers as they stood in line at parade rest." "What is the price?" "Ah, sir, it is priceless! No money could buy this, the only one of its kind in the possession of the Moro people. But *Señor* is a distinguished visitor, and I am very poor. I will for this once make a gift of it to the *Señor* for the shameful trifle of one hundred and fifty *pesos*. I shall be disgraced in the eyes of my people, and *Señor* must never reveal the price, and even now my heart repents of the sacrifice."

Hundreds of these *bolos* are shipped away as curios every year and good speci-

mens are becoming difficult to obtain for reasonable prices.

One of the latest established factories for the utilization of native products is the shell button factory. The islands abound in shells of high commercial value, and beautiful mother of pearl is found in large quantities. By modern machinery, the shells are made into the finest "pearl" buttons on the market. Fifty natives operate the numerous machines with great dexterity, and the making of shell ornaments, spoons, buckles, pin trays and all the articles of use and beauty to which the shell may be put is being taken up as fast as Filipinos can be trained to do the work. There are a hundred lines of manufacture of native products that are as easily developed as this and the skilled workmanship required will open a new door to the native skill of the Filipino workman.

Probably the Filipino shines to best advantage as a wood carver. There is work of great artistic merit done by native workmen and a race that can furnish men, who can do such work, must have much latent artistic ability hidden somewhere about its





n from top of Manila's New Hotel.

persons. The making of images for the use of the church is almost the only avenue open to this branch of skill, and while there is little originality there is good execution of the conventional designs. In Quiapo there are a number of shops where such work is done and one wonders why it is that since the work is as good as it is, it is



**New Elks Club (to the left) and New Army and Navy Club (to the right).**

not much better. The skill of fingers is there, but the originality of design, that deft touch that bespeaks the soul of the artist, is lacking. It could hardly be otherwise so long as the workmen were held rigidly to the accepted patterns, and originality was discouraged with heavy penalties, but there

should be some good thing yet to come out of this Nazareth of undeveloped artisans.

That work of real merit is possible is easily proved by a visit to some of the churches of Intramuros. There is a pulpit in the Dominican church that is said to have cost four thousand *pesos* in labor alone, which is probably true enough if we regard the statement to mean what it would have cost if made in Europe at commercial prices. The masterpiece is of course the church of St. Ignatius which abounds in figure work of faultless design and perfect execution. If any reader of this has a love for the beautiful in carved wood, let him lose no time visiting the Jesuit church on Calle Arzobispo.

There are works of much merit in some of the homes of the best people. In the *sala* of a Filipino dentist stands a life-size figure of a soldier in a crouching position, gun in hand, barefoot, knapsack on the back, that is so alert and full of life that the first effect on the visitor is startling. The work was done as a matter of recreation by the artist-dentist who shows many pieces of excellent workmanship. One of these is a bust

of himself cut from a single block of wood, and reproducing most faithfully the features of its author as they appeared some years ago.

That the Filipinos have a future as manufacturers and artisans there is little doubt. The provincial governors in their annual reports nearly all refer to the household manufactures and the possibilities of far greater development than has ever yet been attempted. Such industries are mentioned as cordage works, soap factories, paper mills, furniture factories, textile mills, tanneries, modern sugar mills, oil refineries, glassware and pottery works, hat and shoe factories, brick-kilns, saw, canneries and plants for the utilization of the products of the *casco* tree.

There is plenty of water power available in all of the principal islands, and when this is utilized for the production of electricity and motive power there is no reason why the development of the manufacturing possibilities of the islands should not in time greatly increase the total wealth of the Filipino people.

This way lies true independence. It little matters whether the governor-general

be white or brown, or whether the assembly meets every two years or ten, but it does very much matter whether there is enough rice and hemp and sugar raised and whether the now wasted products of the islands are worked up into saleable materials of value. Economic independence is the goal of every free people, and the Filipino factories will yet play their part in the achievement of such independence.



In the Botanical Garden, Manila.





**Calle Rosario, Manila, where are located all of the Principal Chinese Shops.**

## CHAPTER XII.

### Street Life.

OBVIOUSLY the outside of a city is known by its streets, but the inner life of the people and the moving spirit of the place are also reflected in the living panorama that flows through avenues and alleys.

Every oriental city carries in its show window thoroughfares a full line of samples of everything to be found within, and Manila is no exception to the rule. The capital of the Philippines shows a various picture of things new and old, bright and dull, good and bad, beautiful and ugly, interesting and unbearable.

Side by side at the door of the Binondo church are the flower girls and the deformed cripple beggars. Across the Escolta go the clumsy *carabao* and the electric cars. Modern commercial affairs were until a short time ago handled in offices that would not be used for stables in any American city. The fifteenth century College of Santo Tomás stands next

to the office of the American governor-general. One may stand at the foot of the bridge and see three centuries go by in a much mixed up jumble of things too old to be used, or too new to be useful.

In a few years judging by the great improvements that have taken place here since the passage of the Payne Tariff Bill, Manila will be the most beautiful, modern city of the Far East, but many of the high historic values of to-day will be gone.

There is much that is worth seeing on any of the best known streets in town. The gentlemanly American policemen are the most intelligent and obliging set of peace officers to be found in the world. Under their direction the strange mixture of humanity flows along like the apples through the big sorting machine.

The separate sizes and sorts find their way to the holes in which they fit, but the big policemen keep the procession moving.

*Carretons*, with bare-legged drivers perched in any old place that may help to balance the unequal load; *carretelas* filled with humanity in assortments of from two to four-

teen to a load, and drawn by horses whose legs are not always long enough to reach the ground; *carromatas* dirty, wabbly, and uncomfortable, hitched to beasts that balk and create innocent amusement for all but the impatient passengers, are common sights. Getting into and out of these vehicles is a feat that requires considerable practice, and as a test of strength and skill has much to commend it.

Here are found straight-shouldered women with stale fish in the market baskets balanced on their heads; children clad in much comfort but little else; grown boys sauntering along hand in hand as oblivious to the world about them as though they were meandering the streets of paradise; stylish carriages drawn by highsteppers and filled with "big brass generals" and other important looking army folk; soldier boys from America, dressed in khaki; Chinos from China clad in wind bags; Hindoos from India dressed in nine yards of red calico, mostly wrapped about their heads; Japanese from the north; Russians from the battleships that fought and ran away; Singalese from Ceylon's spicy isle; Turks and

Cretes and Arabians and dwellers from every country of Europe and every state in the Union; and besides all these what more shall I say? The Filipino himself from the seventy-seven tribes and dialects, the *tao* from the bosque, the artisan class, the student, the disguised *ladron* and his *ilustrado* sympathizer and friend, government officials, and dead beats and gentlemen and gamblers and friends—all these and more cross the bridge of Spain every day and if the spectator could know what each is thinking about he would be both wiser and sadder. Too much knowledge of human nature is not conducive to optimism pure and undefiled.

Out in Malate is a little winding street, lined with *nipa* shacks on both sides, running off into a banana grove at the end, trimmed with women bare of neck and ankle, and children bare of about everything. The *babuy* grunts beneath the *casas*, the roosters fight in the shade of the *nipa* awnings, the *señoritas* engage in entomological researches, and tropical dirt and peace reign supreme. It is a perfect picture of the provincial barrio, such as may be found anywhere outside of

Manila. The same thing may be found at Pandacan, Navotas, or Parañaque.

The "strong material" houses of Spanish construction are not individually beautiful, but a street fenced on both sides with these overhanging second stories, presents a perspective that is strikingly suggestive of things medieval. San Sebastian is a good example of this, and the view toward the north shows a fine background in the high battlements and gothic windows of the big steel church.

The streets of the walled city are a class by themselves. Narrow, dark and gloomy, there is an air of mystery and tragedy about them that suggests a good story if one only knew where to find it. The overhead passage ways between the convents, the tight-barred windows, the strong walls, and the big churches, all combine to enforce the idea that the city was built for protection; and not for books. The life of the walled city is little seen on the streets. There are now eleven thousand people living in Intramuros, and in the old days of terror a hundred and fifty thousand were crowded into the city for safety. It is hard to see where the present

population keeps itself until one steps inside the big doorways and finds the inner courts swarming with humanity. I counted forty people living about the stalls and *entresuelo* apartments of the interior of one of the poorer houses.

The term "interior" has a local meaning in Manila, as most people soon learn.

In the days of my novitiate in Manila, a "germman of coloh" called on me and disclosed the news that he expected to be married on a date two weeks subsequent and would like to have my professional services. As this was my first opportunity to reduce the population of the Philippines by making one where two had been before, I consented and promised to be on hand. The ebony groomsman-to-be said he would send a *carromata* for me, but being very new in Manila, I volunteered to go in my own cart. He gave me a number on Calle Nueva, Malate, "interior," and departed.

On the date agreed, at the hour of seven p. m., I started in a pouring rain to keep the engagement. The number was there, nailed to a post beside a muddy cart tract that led

off into the dark somewhere in the direction of Santa Ana. Nothing daunted I raised my umbrella, and began a search that I shall never forget. The road led into a mud



**Malacanang, Residence of the Governor-General.**

street, lined with houses three or four deep on each side and so close together that a man could reach from one to the other.



Lights were burning in some of them, and there were no numbers. "Did any one know where Santos, or Mr. Johnsing lived?" "*No sabe, Señor, seguro en otra casa.*" I spent an hour wading through mud and water and tried a hundred "*otras casas,*" but no one had ever heard of the dusky bride or the ebony groom. At last I gave it up in despair, and a much muddier and more perplexed man, found my way home to dry clothes, and puzzled reflections on ways that were Philippine and tasks that were vain.

What became of that wedding? Are the fond lovers still waiting there for me to come and bind their beating hearts? Or did Sambo conclude to profit by the famous advise of Artemus Ward to people about to be married? Or did the fair Maria prove faithless and elope with some gallant Juan? I don't know. I only know that I got lost in that interior and came out two blocks up the street so tangled up in directions that I fled in haste and had to get a policeman to help my *carromata*.

Most of the native business of the city is transacted in the *tiendas* and *mercados*,

which are so open to the street as to be practically in the highway. The native markets are picturesque enough to look at, but the odors are not attractive, though they make no pretensions to rival those of the primeval Chino. Before the days of American sanitation, the condition of these places was indescribably bad, but modern regulations and efficient inspectors have changed all this to comparative cleanliness and good order. The Chino *tiendas* are always repulsive and dirty, but the native woman who keeps a *tienda* usually has more eye to appearances and often makes a creditable showing of her shop and its wares.

The street peddlers are not so numerous as they used to be. Baliuag hats, canes, *carabao* horn goods, and *dulces* are about the extent of the native wares sold on the streets, and the Chino has a monopoly of the itinerant dry goods trade. He goes from door to door asking three times what a thing is worth, and taking whatever he can get. Some of his canton linens are good values at half of his asking price, but every American woman who comes to Manila gets



**Manila's Waterfront: Vessels Loading**



and Discharging Cargo Alongside Pier 5.

cheated in her first encounter with the wily heathen.

The most truly oriental bit of Manila streets is in Binondo. There are several streets so narrow that two persons abreast can touch elbows with the walls on each side. The overhanging roofs come within a foot of touching gutters, and the only sun that ever shines into this canyon is that of four o'clock in the afternoon when the declining rays enter the west end of the tunnel.

Needless to say, this construction is in Manila's Chinatown, and the little six foot passage is crowded with Chinos who seem to feel perfectly at home in the shadows of the overhanging walls. A Canton street, set down in the midst of Manila, would afford the same joy to the Chinese heart, and this nameless *calle* furnishes the visitor with all the experiences of a trip to that famous city of sights and smells, with the advantage of being able to get out into the fresh air within thirty seconds, if need be.

To any one who is fastidious about his food, a trip to this quarter is an experience not to be forgotten. The whole street is

devoted to Chino restaurants which are well patronized, and the visit is warranted to relieve hunger whether the food is eaten or not. The stoves are just inside the door. Large pots of different mixtures are stewing away, and on the counter by the stove are placed a half dozen large and small pots containing various compositions of different color



**Calle Concordia, Tanduay, Manila.**

and consistency. A banana leaf serves as a marble slab. On this one man is kept busy rolling up a sort of wafer tamale, made by spreading on a tough wafer eight inches across a brown sticky mess looking very much like axle grease and serving about the same purpose. The chef next dips up with

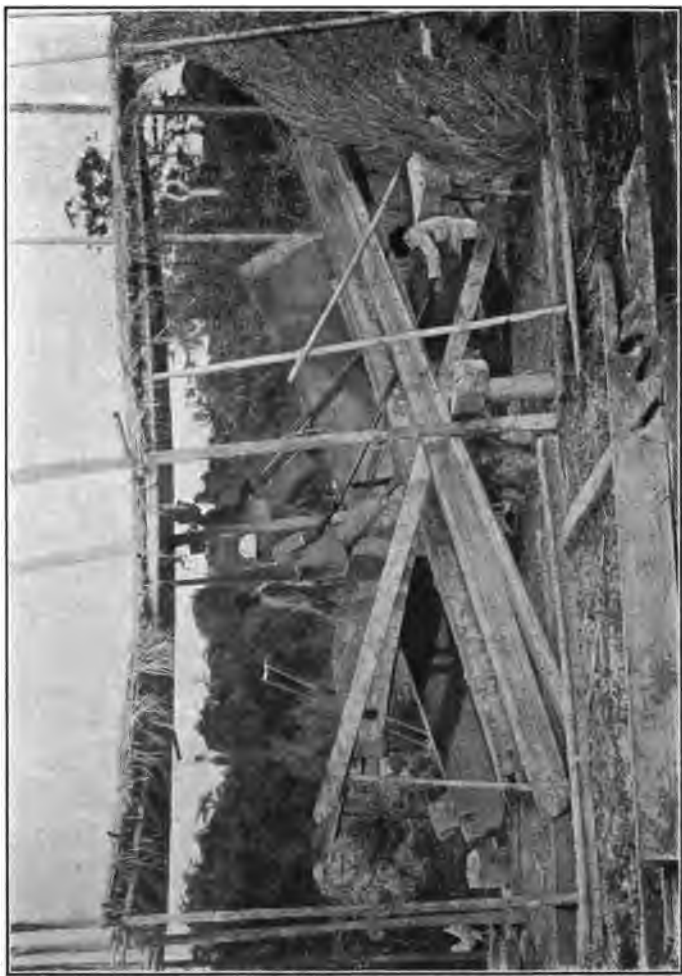
his fingers a handful of something that looks like dirty sauerkraut and, putting with this a leaf of lettuce, deftly rolls the whole up in the wafer. This is done at the rate of one roller every two seconds, and as fast as they are finished in bunches of threes, they are placed on a dish, and some waiting customer carries the dainties away to a table for personal reference. Other mixtures of unknown quantities and various consistencies are served to order, the customer always waiting on himself. Over the whole weaving company of perspiring, barelimbed Chinos and natives wreathes the smoke of culinary incense rising from the steaming altar stove, and the smell—but right here is a good place to stop. If you want any more, go and smell it for yourself. There is plenty to go around.

Few Americans can resist the interest found in the little Chino shops on Rosario and the *piña* stalls on San Fernando. It carries one back to the dreams of childhood when we saw hazy visions of little shops all our very own, where we would keep store when we got big and the folks would come and buy things of us. All the goods are in

plain sight, and tool and bits of wire and hose and drygoods are all within reach. It's lots more fun than to go and sit on a stool while a man, pompous enough to be the lord mayor, approaches and with dignified condescension says, "What can I do for you?" I always feel like suggesting that he begin by deflating himself.

The Oriental citizen is so peaceful that there is rarely anything so lively as a good street row, but once in a while something does happen that is worth while. There is a tradition carefully preserved (in alcohol?) that on one occasion just after the civil government took charge of affairs and before Br'er Taft had got the situation well in hand, a *carabao* ran away on the Escolta. The excitement was tremendous. A crowd gathered, and some of the imaginative ones averred that they could actually see the animal move without taking micrometer measurement. So rapid was the transit that a man, who was eating his lunch at Clarke's, found that, during the time he spent at the table, the runaway had passed the building. The native policemen were helpless in the face of





**A Native Sawmill.**

such an emergency, and an American patrolman was summoned, who with great presence of mind approached the *carreton*, wakened the sleeping driver, informed him that his *carabao* was running away, and assisted in restoring order generally. The commission at once passed an act regulating the speed of *carabaos* within the city limits, which has been faithfully maintained ever since.

No present day pilgrim can appreciate the street experiences of the days of mud and cobble pavements. Until January, 1905, the Escolta was in an indescribable condition, and not long before that Rosario was no better. The wood blocks and asphalt have revolutionized the business streets and great has been the gain thereby.

Manila streets make up for their narrowness by their occasional expansion into *plazas* that afford breathing places and opportunity to leave the *carromata* if necessary. These squares are a good thing for any city and might be copied in America with good results.

The new comer always insists that Manila has the crookedest streets of any city in the world, and that no one can ever learn

where to find all of them. That no native ever does learn all of them or try to do so is very certain, but once the general lines are mastered it is not difficult to locate any given house.



**Carriedo Fountain, Rotonda, Manila.**

## CHAPTER XIII.

### Filipino Home Life.

**I**NFORMATION concerning primitive Malay life in prehistoric times is difficult to find,

but such as is available is of striking interest, and the traits of life and character that make the Filipino what he is to-day are nearly all found in crude form in the tales and traditions that come down from the sixteenth century.



Before the days of trolley cars and government wagons, Spanish Manila was a city of dreams.

When the sun drove back the morning shadows, the church bells called the drowsy populace to morning mass,

and for a few hours the hum of the day rose from the narrow and unclean streets. But when the shadows stood straight at noon, all windows and doors were closed and barred, and for three hours the place might have been cast in plaster, or exhumed from the lava-covered plains of Pompeii. Priest and people alike slept the untroubled sleep of a race that never did to-day what could be put off till to-morrow.

But life revived with the dying day and at sunset the big bells again rang out their clanging summons, and in the cool evening hours the people poured out through the gates to the Malecon and the sandy beach.

Manila three hundred and fifty years ago was different enough from the balmy days of the Spanish dominion, and the records of the church are so mixed with superstition and miracles, that it takes close discrimination to tell fact from fiction. The account of Fr. Juan de la Concepción is among the best, and he says that, at the middle of the sixteenth century, the rajah ruled the natives south of the Pasig river.

There was no wall or city boundary of



Typhoon-Braced House

any sort. Where the Intendencia and the Dominican church now stand was an impenetrable morass. A cluster of huts stood just back of the fort by the river, and across the Pasig were several native villages.

Social conditions of those ante-mural days are described by Fr. Juan in picturesque language. There were two classes of people inhabiting the islands, just as there are to-day. The savage tribes were more like wild beasts than human beings. They were

clothed in sunshine or in showers according to the season and lived in the mountains and forests, and were very barbarous. These people, we are assured, were treated by the Spanish government with great kindness, but for many years they led a life of brigandage and were a terror to civilized inhabitants, thus serving as the forerunners of the modern *ladrones*.

The other class of natives, when first found by the explorers, were grouped in clans under the leadership of petty kings who were the *caciques* of their day, and so oppressive was their rule that the *padres* claimed they were doing good in reducing them by force to obedience to the crown.

Mohammedanism was rapidly making headway, the rajah of Manila being the natural chief of the country along the bay. His followers, who lived in groups, are described as being less vicious than the American Indians, and having a rude religion of their own. They held to an idea of one God whom they called "Bathala Maycapal" or "maker of all things" and they had a number of religious songs which were used on special

occasions. They worshiped the moon, animals, birds, and big trees and made offerings to the rocks and mountains and did homage to their ancestors.

The ingrained propensity of the Tagalog was found in the frequent feasts which were accompanied with elaborate ceremonials, and the promoters, who were women, always made a profit from the sale of fruits and roast meats. The fat hog provided for the feast was roasted and eaten with great relish and intoxication was not unknown.

In cases of sickness the afflicted person was removed to a new house built in a few hours, the medicine man performed various incantations, killed a hog, and after viewing the vital organs of the beast, pronounced the fate of the sufferer. The sentence, like all oracles, was given in an ambiguous form and could be interpreted to fit the final result.

A howling dog was a sign of ill omen, and there was strong belief in enchantresses who worked evil spells which could be broken only by propitiating the witch. Slavery and tyranny were universal, and the vices of the people were many.





#### **No Use of Walking**

The language was the Malay dialect with many variations, and the life of the little fort was simple enough for all purposes.

The story of the conquest and settlement of the place reads like a romance. When the first ship of Magellan sailed into the harbor of Cebu, the rajah sent a man out to the vessel to inspect the strangers and

**Native House**

report. He returned with the story that the visitors wore long stiff tails, that they ate rocks and drank fire and could lift anything that they seized hold of. This grotesque story paved the way for a peaceful settlement of Cebu.

It is significant that the Tagalog word commonly used for work is *majira*, which



Back

means “grief” and “trouble.” When his rice is gone, trouble has come and he must work to get more, and work and trouble are synonyms.

The Filipino farmer, who owns his little rice paddy, is a toiler early and late if need be, but he toils without fretting and there is none of the wearing sense of compulsion that is so destructive of peace and long life. Long hours, deliberate movement and complete relaxation when the day is over explain why nervous prostration is unknown among the natives.

The Filipino does best what he can do by a set of movements that fall easily into rhyth-



ature

mical progression. Once the set of motions is learned he has but to set himself going and then dream along through the day. Rice is planted to music, a whole field full of planters keeping time with the banjo on the levee.

The common man is always poor, but some are poorer. If there is comparative plenty, there are two or three meals a day, but if food is scarce there is but one. There are many *barrios* where the people are so poor that there is nothing to eat except some rice and very poor fish. In a *barrio* in one of the provinces less than a hundred miles from Manila, when the *padre* came to visit, there was nothing fit for him to eat,

and an old man walked seven miles to get three eggs and a chicken.

The treasurer of this same province told me that the average riches of the common people in many of his *pueblos* was from seven to fifteen *pesos* per family. This figure included the total wealth, clothing, house furniture and every sort of property for the entire family. Many *tiendas* are run on a capital of less than fifteen *pesos*.

Under such conditions, the simple life prevails to an extent that would give brother Wagner and his fad followers some pointers. The little *nipa* houses are nestled together, or where the owner is more prosperous and perhaps owns a little piece of ground, are located in a clump of bamboo at the edge of the hill. The floors are a few feet above the ground; the beds, the common bamboo slat, which serve as a convenient place of all work in the day time, and the stove is the common earthen pot. In all the house, there is no single article of bedding except the *petate* or grass mat; the people all sleep in the clothes in which they work, not even loosening the ever present tight draw string

about the waist. There is no dish other than a pot or two, and house-keeping is reduced to its lowest terms.

The day begins with the dawn, especially in harvest or planting time. The fire is built, the pot of rice put on, and fish if there be any; and soon the family squats on the floor about the rice pot taken from the fire during the meal, and each for himself puts his fingers into the common dish. There are no "table tools" of any sort; why should there be? A supervising teacher told me of a *pueblo* in which he spent some time that had not in its whole distance a single knife, spoon or fork. "Are not these good forks?" said his host, holding up his fingers.

Breakfast over, there are no dishes to wash, no beds to make, no floors to sweep, no dinner to plan. The whole family takes to the field, if it is seed time or harvest, and women and men together talk, and talk and talk. According to what I saw, that was about the whole program. They were gathering rice, one straw at a time, each straw selected with care and put in a bunch laid



**Palm and Nipa**



straight and smooth, and after that another straw was added.

Noon brings *siesta* time with subsequent comparison of the qualities of pet chanticleers, if the family is wealthy enough to afford such luxuries, and then more talk over the rice till dark.

Filipino life is not all a dead level though. The "pastor" or the *padre* comes, and there is a christening, or a wedding or a funeral or some other event which becomes the occasion of a *fiesta*, and then, away dull care! What matters it that there is no rice for the pot, and no fish on the fire. It is all one in the long end anyway.

There is no phase of Filipino life less appreciated and more worthy than the status and conditions of womanhood. The Filipina woman is the equal of the Filipino man, provided, of course, that such is the case. Her Chinese sister limps in small-footed help-





**One of our Principal Products**

lessness; her Hindoo cousin creeps about behind a veil; her Mohammedan relative is a harem slave, and even her Japanese neighbor is a doll to look at, but the Filipina stands up straight and with bare shoulder and sturdy carriage looks you squarely in the eye and is abundantly able to take care of herself. She is unbound in arm and waist and, not having the responsibilities of the social swim, is free to go to market and to carry her end of the industrial load. If the Filipina woman is better off to-day than her oriental sisters, the credit may be given to the teaching and standards of the Catholic church, which in theory has always exalted the noblest qualities of the mothers of men.

This country ought to be a children's paradise. If the children were better cared for, and cleaner, and more decoratively dressed, we would have a reputation among travelers that would eclipse our northern neighbors. There is less abuse of children in Manila than in most civilized countries, but there is a woeful neglect. The headlines of the daily papers tell a ghastly tale in the numbers of children's deaths every twenty-four

hours. This slaughter of the innocents is appalling to a foreigner, but is accepted by the native with true oriental fatalism: "It had to be, and the baby is better off, and there are plenty more." A brutal philosophy, but one very generally accepted.



## CHAPTER XIV.

### Side Trips about Manila.



Pagsanjan

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THERE are many places of interest in the neighborhood of Manila which should be visited by the sightseer who comes to the capital of the Philippines. These trips will consume but a few hours time and as the street car lines reach most of them the excursions can be made at a trifling expense.

San Juan is a barrio on the outskirts of Manila, and it was at the bridge which crosses the river on whose banks this barrio is located, that the first shots of the Philippine insurrection were fired. The ride takes one past the steel church, one of the famed

landmarks of Manila, Santa Mesa Heights and other places of interest. The



*By the Pasig*

return may be made by San Miguel, passing Malacañang Palace, the residence of the Governor-General.

Malabon and Caloocan should also be visited. The ride takes one through the district of Tondo, the most populated native section of the city. At Caloocan is located the largest cockpit in the islands and here thousands of people swarm with their fighting roosters every Sunday. The old church at Malabon is quite an interesting structure as it was shelled by the American gunboats during the first days of the insurrection when the city was surrounded by the native troops. At Malabon is also located the old sugar refinery.

La Loma Cemetery is one of the show spots of the city and is one of the finest cemeteries in the world. It is located at the end of Cervantes car line and guarding it, like a



Down by the Riverside

huge sentinel, sharply outlined against the sky, stands the historic old church of La Loma.

The trip to Pasay takes one through the residence districts of Ermita and Malate and past the observatory, the Malate church, Fort San Antonio de Abad, which was shelled by Dewey, August 13th, 1898, and is now used as a transportation corral by the Quartermaster's Department of the U. S. Army; the residence of



**Old Manila**

the Commanding-General, the Army and Navy Club, the Elks Club, and Manila's elegant New Hotel on the Luneta.



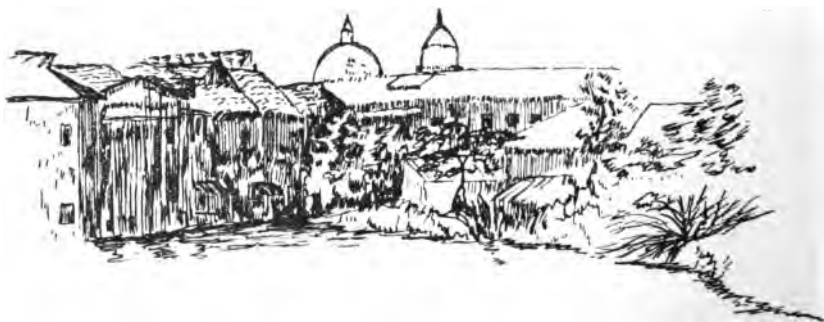
**Primitive Method**

Fort William McKinley is located on the Pasig River about seven miles from Manila and is said to be the largest post of the United States Army. It may be reached by street-car lines, by river launches, by the Manila Railroad steam cars or by automobile or carriage. The site of the fort is one of the most commanding near the city and gives an extended and beautiful view of the harbor,



Laguna de Bay and the surrounding country. Extensive improvements have been made by the government and from the waste land of a few years ago has arisen one of the model and one of the most healthful army posts to be found anywhere.

One of the most beautiful drives out from Manila is to the gorge at Montalban, near which place is the great reservoir from which Manila takes its water. The little town of Montalban on the banks of the Mariquina River is where General Lawton met his death in the days of the insurrection and the spot where he fell, often visited by tourists,





**Our Forest Giants**

is forever made memorable by a beautiful shaft of white marble. The road to Montalban is very picturesque as it winds its way along the banks of the Pasig and Mariquina river till it strikes the green-clad mountains back of Montalban.

Antipolo, some eight hundred to a thousand feet above Manila, is in a way the Mecca of the Philippines. Here is kept in a massive old church, the famed Virgin of Antipolo, to whose shrine thousands and thousands of people each year make pilgrimage. People



Mosqu

come from all parts of the islands to attend the great fiesta held there during the month of May. It is always delightfully cool at this place and many of Manila's best people are building summer residences there. A new modern hotel is being constructed and will be ready to receive visitors about January 1st, 1912.

Baguio, the summer capital of the Philippines, is situated in the mountains of Benguet distant some hundred and seventy miles from Manila. The pine-clad mountains in which it nestles are over five thousand feet above the level of the sea and every year the government officials and the leading

**Fleet**

members of Manila's social set make Baguio their home during the hot season. Here one may enjoy the benefits of a complete change in temperature and climate and revel amid some of the grandest scenery imaginable. The mountain air is cool enough at night to warrant the building of cheerful log fires in the fireplaces of the hotels and newly constructed homes there, and sleep is impossible without a warm woolen blanket or two for a covering. The trip to Baguio over the famed Benguet Road, which makes its tortuous way through a wild, mountainous district, through gorges and chasms and by rushing torrents and streams, into the very heart of



the great hills and mountains of northern Luzon, is one of the most picturesque in the world.

*Taal Volcano.*

—A trip to the famed volcano of Taal is one that should not be missed by the visitor to the “Pearl of the Orient.” It is situated only a few hours ride

away from Manila and one can journey there and back, spending the night at the foot of the crater, in about twenty-four hours.

*Laguna de Bay.*—A trip to the great inland sea from which the Pasig River winds its way to the sea is one of much pleasure to the tourist.

The broad Laguna de Bay has on its shores many beautiful spots and places of much interest to the traveller. The hot

springs at Los Baños, a town sleeping peacefully at the foot of a cloud-kissed mountain, is famous for the mineral and curative properties of its waters. A government sanitarium and a good hotel are the principal buildings of the place.

At Pagsanjan, the head of lake navigation, the beautiful gorge of the same name is a feature that should not be missed. The trip through its rushing waters by small native banca is more exciting than any of the famed roller coasters or other exciting thrillers at Coney Island. The trip to the lake country may be made by train or launch service.

*The Southern Islands.*—To the person who has time and to spare, the trip through the southern islands is one that offers inducements that will well repay the time taken. It is in the truest sense of the word an inland sea trip, and the hundreds of islands dotting the tropic sea form a constantly changing panorama of endless, moving scenery upon which one never gets tired gazing. The trip is best taken by the steamers of the Compañía Tabacalera and Ynchausti and Company which leave Manila on regular

schedules. The most important cities of the southern islands are Cebu, Iloilo, and Zamboanga, but stops are made at various smaller ports. One of the most interesting spots is of course in the land of the Moros where the Sultan of Sulu—who, rumor had it, desired to be a son-in-law of the strenuous Teddy—holds sway.

One of the most inspiring sights to be seen on the trip is the great Mayon Volcano in Albay Province, Southern Luzon. Mayon is pronounced by geologists the most perfect cone in the world.



## CHAPTER XV.

### The New Philippines.



**Pagsanjan Falls**

THE Philippine Islands were acquired in 1898 and Civil Government, through the Philippines Commission of which President Taft was the first head, was inaugurated in 1901. For an entire decade Congress, through its civil representatives, has exercised absolute control over the affairs of the archipelago and it is not indulging in hyperbole to say that the achievement marking these ten years of rule have been little short of marvelous. The internal improvements that have been effected and the improvement that has taken place in the condition of the country and the





people seem well nigh incredible when comparison is made with the state of affairs that existed ten years ago.

The building of roads and bridges in all sections of the islands and of railroads on some of the principal ones has facilitated the marketing of products and stimulated a general interchange of commerce and communication among the people, thus tending to weld the many diversified tribes into a more homogeneous whole.

Facilities for inter-island transportation have been provided where before none existed and the system that already existed has been immeasurably improved, while coasts and waterways have been charted and the whole safeguarded by a chain of lights that mark the rocks and shoals and guide the mariners safely through storms and the vigils of the night.

Harbors have been dredged and protected and docks built at the principal ports for the benefit and security of commerce by sea.

Public buildings of a permanent character have been erected in nearly every provincial center and in many other of the important municipalities as well.

Labor has been assisted and protected and a system of virtual peonage that had existed from time immemorial has been eradicated with the result that the laborer now is better paid and is free to seek and accept employment wherever he will. He is at liberty to sell his product in the best market that offers and there is a more general



and more equitable division of the country's wealth among those who produce it. The Filipino to-day enjoys a measure of practical self-government far beyond anything he even aspired to under the dominion of Spain.

A comprehensive system of education has been instituted and carried out and is continually being extended, that is affording to a large proportion of the people full opportunity to equip themselves for the battle of life by exercising their abilities and developing their capacities, while upon the rising generation it has conferred the great boon of a common language. And the theo-

retical is supplemented by a thorough course of manual training that is inculcating in the mind of the youth an understanding of the value and necessity of honest labor, and respect for the dignity that attaches to it.

Provision has been made for occupation of the rich public lands by offering to every citizen a homestead without cost, and the people are invited and urged to take advantage of this opportunity to provide themselves with a competence thus put within their reach, that will make them as individuals economically independent.

A strong and permanent fiscal system based on the gold standard has been inaugurated and maintained to the great benefit



**Reformatory Boys at Lolomboy**



**Interior View, Manila Hotel**

of the islands and their commerce supplanting, as it did, the unstable and fluctuating silver currency of former times and contributing in no small degree to a marked increase of confidence in the future of industry and commerce in the country.



**Corridor, Manila Hotel**

Insular finances have been put on a solid, substantial basis; taxes are quite moderate being but one and one-half per cent on the assessed value of real estate in Manila and seven-eighths of one per cent in all provinces outside the capital while there is no



tax on personal property. Expenditures have been kept within receipts; the credit of the islands is first class and they cost the Washington Government not one penny beyond the increased expense of maintaining United States troops stationed here above what their maintenance would cost at home and the cost of fortifications that are to serve as a means of permanent defense.

An efficient body of insular military police, known as the Philippine Constabulary, officered in part by officers of the United



States regular Army, performs its functions in an admirable manner, affording security to person and property and proving wholly effective in maintaining law and order throughout the provinces.

The judiciary of the islands has been organized on a splendid working basis and includes in its personnel a considerable contingent of Americans as well as some of the best legal and judicial minds to be found among the Filipinos. It commands the unqualified respect and confidence of all classes



and is the bulwark of the local government. This branch of the government is impressing on the minds of the people a wholesome regard for the law and for the rights of property and the individual.

Splendid work has been done towards improving sanitary conditions throughout the islands, with the result that the dread scourges, small pox, bubonic plague and cholera have been practically eliminated or brought under safe control and the people are gradually learning the value of hygiene to the preservation of life and to the correction of social evils.

The past year has witnessed the completion in Manila of one of the finest hospitals in the world; of an elaborate, modern sewerage system and the making over of the water system which has been greatly extended and enlarged, the source of supply now being in the mountains in a watershed more than thirty miles distant from the city. Manila to-day ranks among the healthiest cities in the world.

This is, in part, what has been accomplished under American Government in the

Philippines and it constitutes a record of achievement that challenges the admiration of the world. The people of the United States may justly be proud of it all for it is no small thing to have effected in ten short years the regeneration, with but a limited measure of coöperation on their part, of eight millions of an alien race to whose customs and language we came entire strangers.



